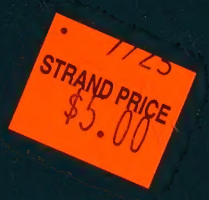
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JOHN HAY

JOHN HAY, statesman, diplomat, soldier, and author, born at Salem, Indiana, in 1838, died in 1905. He graduated from Brown University, and later became secretary to President Lincoln; served in the Civil War and was brevetted colonel. He distinguished himself as ambassador to England, and as Secretary of State. Among his works are "Castilian Days," "Pike County Ballads," and "Abraham Lincoln," written in collaboration with John G. Nicolay.

JIM BLUDSO

(From "Pike County Ballads." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., published by permission)

WALL, no! I can't tell whar he lives,
Because he don't live, you see;
Leastways, he's got out of the habit
Of livin' like you and me.
Whar have you been for the last three year,
That you haven't heard folks tell
How Jimmy Bludso passed in his checks
The night of the Prairie Belle?

He weren't no saint,—them engineers
Is pretty much all alike,—
One wife in Natchez-under-the-Hill,
And another one here, in Pike;
A keerless man in his talk was Jim,
And an awkward hand in a row;
But he never flunked, and he never lied,—
I reckon he never knowed how.

And this was all the religion he had,—
To treat his engine well,
Never be passed on the river,
To mind the pilot's bell;
And if ever the Prairie Belle took fire—
A thousand times he swore—
He'd hold her nozzle ag'in the bank
Till the last soul got ashore.

All boats has their days on the Mississippi,
And her day come at last:
The Movastar was a better boat,
But the Belle she *wouldn't* be passed.
And so she come tearin' along that night—
The oldest craft on the line—
With a nigger squat on her safety-valve,
And her furnace crammed, rosin and pine.

The bar bust out as she clared the bar,
And burnt a hole in the night,
And quick as a flash she turned, and made
For that willer-bank on the right.
There was runnin' and cursin', but Jim yelled out,
Over all the infernal roar,
"I'll hold her nozzle ag'in' the bank
Till the last galoot's ashore."

Through the hot, black breath of the burnin' boat
Jim Bludso's voice was heard,
And they all had trust in his cussedness
And knowed he would keep his word.
And, sure's you're born, they all got off
Afore the smoke-stacks fell,—
And Bludso's ghost went up alone
In the smoke of the Prairie Belle.

He weren't no saint,—but at jedgment
I'd run my chance with Jim
'Longside of some pious gentlemen
That wouldn't shook hands with him.
He seen his duty, a dead sure thing,
And went for it thar and then;
And Christ ain't a-going to be too hard
On a man that died for men.

LITTLE BREECHES

(From "Pike County Ballads." Copyright by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Published by permission)

I DON'T go much on religion,
I never ain't had no show;
But I've got a middlin' tight grip, sir,
On the handful o' things I know.
I don't pan out on the prophets
And free will, and that sort of thing,—
But I b'lieve in God and the Angels,
Ever sence one night last spring.

I come into town with some turnips,
And my little Gabe come along,—
No four-year-old in the county
Could beat him for pretty and strong,
Pert and chipper and sassy,
Always ready to swear and fight,—
And I'd larnt him ter chaw terbacker,
Jest to keep his milk teeth white.

The snow come down like a blanket
As I passed by Taggert's store:
I went in for a jug of molasses
And left the team at the door.
They scared at something and started,—
I heard one little squall,
And hell-to-split over the prairie
Went team, Little Breeches and all.

Hell-to-split over the prairie!
I was almost froze with skeer;
But we rousted up some torches,
And sarched for 'em far and near.
At last we struck hosses and wagon,
Snowed under a soft white mound,
Upsot, dead beat,—but of little Gabe
No hide nor hair was found.

And here all hope soured on me
Of my fellow critter's aid,—
I just flopped on my marrow bones,
Crotch-deep in the snow, and prayed.

* * * * * * *

By this, the torches was played out.
And me and Isrul Parr
Went off for some wood to a sheep fold
That he said was somewhar thar.

We found it at last, and a little shed
Where they shut up the lambs at night.
We looked in, and seen them huddled thar,
So warm and sleepy and white;
And THAR sot Little Breeches and chirped,
As pert as ever you see,
"I want a chaw of terbacker,
And that's what's the matter of me."

How did he git thar? Angels.
He could never have walked in that storm,
They jest scooped down and toted him
To whar it was safe and warm.
And I think that saving a little child,
And bringing him to his own,
Is a derned sight better business
Than loafing around The Throne.

REGINALD HEBER

Reginald Heber, born in England, 1783; died in India, 1826. In 1823 he was consecrated bishop of Calcutta. His hymns and poems are his title deeds to remembrance.

CHRISTMAS HYMN

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Make and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ampler oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

THE MOONLIGHT MARCH

I SEE them on their winding way,
About their ranks the moonbeams play;
Their lofty deeds and daring high
Blend with the notes of victory.
And waving arms, and banners bright,
Are glancing in the mellow light:
They're lost,—and gone—the moon is past,
The wood's dark shade is o'er them cast;
And fainter, fainter, fainter still
The march is rising o'er the hill.

Again, again, the pealing drum,
The clashing horn,—they come; they come!
Through rocky pass, o'er wooded steep,
In long and glittering files they sweep;
And nearer, nearer, yet more near,
Their softened chorus meets the ear;
Forth, forth, and meet them on their way;
The trampling hoofs brook no delay;
With thrilling fife and pealing drum,
And clashing horn, they come; they come!

SYMPATHY

A KNIGHT and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O, never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O, never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They search'd for an eddy that suited the deed,
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;

"How tiresome it is!" said the fair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other, the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So kissing and crying kept company.

"Oh, had I but lov'd such an angel as you!"
"Oh, had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I!"
Sure now they were excellent company."

At length spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When summer returns we may easily die,
Till then let us sorrow in company."

"HELP, LORD, OR WE PERISH"

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming,
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,
Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to cherish,
We fly to our Maker: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

O Jesus! once tossed on the breast of the billow,
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish
Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we perish."

And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
When hell in our heart his wild warfare is waging,
Arise in Thy strength, Thy redeemèd to cherish;
Rebuke the destroyer: "Help, Lord, or we perish."

HEINRICH HEINE

HEINRICH HEINE, born in Dusseldorf, Germany, 1799; died in Paris, 1856. He was of Jewish parentage, and a rare genius. He was equally at home in prose and poetry. His works are of a miscellaneous character, and clothed in a style of great beauty.

THE VOYAGE

AS at times the moonbeam pierces
Through the thickest cloudy rack,
So to me, through days so dreary,
One bright image struggles back.

Seated all on deck, we floated
Down the Rhine's majestic stream;
On its borders, summer-laden,
Slept the peaceful evening gleam.

Brooding, at the feet I laid me
Of a fair and gentle one,
On whose placid, pallid features
Played the ruddy-golden sun.

Lutes were ringing, youths were singing,
Swelled my heart with feelings strange;
Bluer grew the heaven above us,
Wider grew the spirit's range.

Fairy-like beside us flitted
Rock and ruin, wood and plain;
And I gazed on all reflected
In my loved one's eyes again.

THE LORELEI

I KNOW not whence it rises,
This thought so full of woe;
But a tale of times departed
Haunts me, and will not go.

The air is cool, and it darkens,
And calmly flows the Rhine,
The mountain-peaks are sparkling
In the sunny evening-shine.

And yonder sits a maiden,
The fairest of the fair;
With gold is her garment glittering,
As she combs her golden hair:

With a golden comb she combs it;
And a wild song singeth she,
That melts the heart with a wondrous
And powerful melody.

The boatman feels his bosom
With a nameless longing move:
He sees not the gulfs before him,
His gaze is fixed above;

Till over boat and boatman
The Rhine's deep waters run:
And this, with her magic singing,
Till Lorelei has done!

THE MOUNTAIN ECHO

(Translation of E. A. Bowring)

AT sad slow pace across the vale
There rode a horseman brave:
"Ah! travel I now to my mistress's arms
Or but to the darksome grave?"
The echo answer gave:
"The darksome grave!"

And farther rode the horseman on,
With sighs his thoughts express'd:
"If I thus early must go to my grave
Yet in the grave is rest."
The answering voice confess'd:
"The grave is rest!"

Adown the horseman's furrow'd cheek
A tear fell on his breast:
"If rest I can only find in the grave,
For me the grave is best."
The hollow voice confess'd:
"The grave is best."

SONGS OF SPRING

(Translation of E. A. Bowring)

DAY and night alike the springtime
Makes with sounding life all teeming;
Like a verdant echo can it
Enter even in my dreaming.

Then the birds sing yet more sweetly
Than before, and softer breezes
Fill the air, the violet's fragrance
With still wider yearning pleases.

E'en the roses blossom redder,
And a child-like golden glory
Bear they, like the heads of angels
In the picture of old story.

And myself I almost fancy
Some sweet nightingale, when singing
Of my love to those fair roses,
Wondrous songs my vision bringing—

Till I'm waken'd by the sunlight,
  Or by that delicious bustle
Of the nightingales of springtime
  That before my window rustle.

Stars with golden feet wandering
  Yonder, and they gently weep
That they cannot earth awaken,
  Who in night's arms is asleep.

List'ning stand the silent forests,
  Every leaf an ear doth seem!
How its shadowy arm the mountain
  Stretcheth out, as though in dream.

What call'd yonder? In my bosom
  Rings the echo of the tone.
Was it my beloved one speaking,
  Or the nightingale alone?

PEACE

(Translation of E. A. Bowring)

HIGH in the heavens there stood the sun
  Cradled in snowy clouds,
The sea was still,
And musing I lay at the helm of the ship,
Dreamily musing—and half in waking
And half in slumber, I gazed upon Christ,
The Saviour of man.
In streaming and snowy garment
He wander'd giant-great,
Over land and sea;
His head reach'd high to the heavens,
His hands he stretched out in blessing
Over land and sea;
And as a heart in his bosom

Bore he the sun
The sun all ruddy and flaming,
And the ruddy and flaming sunny-heart
Shed its beams of mercy
And its beauteous, bliss-giving light,
Lighting and warming
Over land and sea.

Sounds of bells were solemnly drawing
Here and there, like swans were drawing,
By rosy bands the gliding ship,
And drew it sportively toward the green shore,
Where men were dwelling, in high and turreted
O'erhanging town.
O blessing of peace! how still the town!
Hushed was the hollow sound
Of busy and sweltering trade,
And through the clean and echoing streets
Were passing men in white attire,
Palm-branches bearing,
And when two chanced to meet,
They wiew'd each other with inward intelligence.
And trembling, in love and sweet denial,
Kiss'd on the forehead each other,
And gazed up on high
At the Saviour's sunny-heart
Which, glad and atoningly
Beam'd down its ruddy blood,
And three times blest, thus spake they;
"Praised be Jesus Christ!"

SUNSET

(Translation of E. A. Bowring)

THE glowing ruddy sun descends
Down to the far up-shuddering
Silvery-gray world-ocean;

Airy images, rosily breath'd upon,
After him roll, and over against him,
Out of the autumnal glimmering veil of clouds,
With face all mournful and pale as death,
Bursteth forth the moon,
And behind her, like sparks of light,
Misty—broad—glimmer the stars.

Once in the heavens their glitter'd
Join'd in fond union,
Luna the goddess and Sol the god,
And around them the stars all cluster'd,
Their little, innocent children.
But evil tongues then whisper'd disunion,
And they parted in anger,
That glorious, radiant pair.

Now in the daytime, in splendor all lonely,
Wanders the Sun-god in realms on high—
On account of his majesty
Greatly sung to and worship'd
By haughty, bliss-harden'd mortals.
But in the night-time,
In heaven wanders Luna,
Unhappy mother,
With all her orphan'd starry children,
And she gleams in silent sorrow,
And loving maidens and gentle poets
Devote to her tears and songs.

The gentle Luna! womanly minded,
Still doth she love her beautiful spouse.
Towards the evening, trembling and pale,
Peeps she forth from the light clouds around,
And looks at the parting one mournfully,
And fain would cry in her anguish: "Come!
Come! the children all long for thee——"
But the disdainful Sun-god,

At the sight of his spouse 'gins glowing
With still deeper purple,
In anger and grief,
And inflexibly hastens he
Down to his flood-chill'd widow'd bed. . . .

Evil and backbiting tongues
Thus brought grief and destruction
E'en 'mongst the godheads immortal.
And the poor godheads, yonder in heaven,
Wander in misery,
Comfortless over their endless tracks,
And death cannot reach them,
And with them they trail
Their bright desolation.
But I, the mere man,
The lowly-planted, the blest-with-death-one,
I sorrow no longer.

PATRICK HENRY

PATRICK HENRY, born in Virginia, 1736; died 1799. This orator shares with James Otis the distinction of having fired the hearts of the colonists to open resistance to British aggression. He was scantily educated, but nature gave him the gift of oratory to an extraordinary degree. The "Give Me Liberty or Give Me Death" speech, delivered in the days of agitation preceding the Revolution, is as immortal as Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

"GIVE ME LIBERTY OR GIVE ME DEATH"

MR. PRESIDENT:—No man thinks more highly than I do of the patriotism, as well as abilities, of the very worthy gentlemen who have just addressed the house. But different men often see the same subject in different lights; and, therefore, I hope it will not be thought disrespectful to those gentlemen, if, entertaining as I do opinions of a character very opposite to theirs, I shall speak forth my sentiments freely and without reserve. This is no time for ceremony. The question before the house is one of awful moment to this country. For my own part, I consider it as nothing less than a question of freedom or slavery; and in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate. It is only in this way that we can hope to arrive at truth, and fulfil the great responsibility which we hold to God and our country. Should I keep back my opinions at such a time, through fear

of giving offense, I should consider myself as guilty of treason towards my country, and of an act of disloyalty toward the Majesty of Heaven, which I revere above all earthly kings.

Mr. President, it is natural to man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth, and listen to the song of that siren, till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry for the last ten years to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house. Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation; the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, What means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can

gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we anything new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done everything that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and Parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne! In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free,—if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges for which we have been so long contending,—if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained,—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms and to the God of Hosts is all that is left us!

They tell us, sir, that we are weak; unable to

cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destines of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged! Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come.

It is in vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, Peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the north will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take; but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

AGAINST THE ADOPTION OF THE CONSTITUTION

(Speech in Convention, June 24, 1788)

THE public mind, as well as my own, is extremely uneasy at the proposed change of government. Give me leave to form one of the number of those who wish to be thoroughly acquainted with the reasons of this perilous and uneasy situation, and why we are brought hither to decide on this great national question. I consider myself as the servant of the people of this commonwealth, as a sentinel over their rights, liberty, and happiness. I represent their feelings when I say that they are exceedingly uneasy, being brought from that state of full security which they enjoy, to the present delusive appearance of things. Before the meeting of the late Federal Convention at Philadelphia, a general peace and an universal tranquillity prevailed in this country, and the minds of our citzens were at perfect repose; but since that period they are exceedingly uneasy and disquieted.

When I wished for an appointment to this Convention, my mind was extremely agitated for the situation of public affairs. I consider the republic to be in extreme danger. If our situation be thus uneasy, whence has arisen this fearful jeopardy? It arises from this fatal system; it arises from a proposal to change our government—a proposal that goes to the utter annihilation of the most solemn engagements of the States—a proposal of establishing nine States into a confederacy, to the eventual exclusion of four States. It goes to the annihilation of those solemn treaties we have formed with foreign nations. Those treaties bound us as thirteen States, confederated together. Yet here is a proposal to sever that con-

federacy. Is it possible that we shall abandon all our treaties and national engagements? And for what? . . .

This proposal of altering our federal government is of a most alarming nature. Make the best of our new government—say it is composed by anything but inspiration—you ought to be extremely cautious, watchful, jealous of your liberty; for instead of securing your rights, you may lose them forever. If a wrong step be now made, the republic may be lost forever. If this new government will not come up to the expectation of the people, and they should be disappointed, their liberty will be lost, and tyranny must and will arise. I repeat it again, and beg gentlemen to consider that a wrong step, made now, will plunge us into misery, and our republic will be lost.

HERODOTUS

HERODOTUS, born in Asia Minor, 484 B.C.; died 420. His field was history, in which much romance took the place of accurate information and statement. He wrote delightfully, and scholars will never cease to enjoy his pages in which he relates the Persian invasion of Greece, with excursions revealing his wide geographical and antiquarian knowledge.

THE INUNDATION OF THE NILE

PERHAPS after censuring all the opinions that have been put forward, on this obscure subject, one ought to prove some theory of one's own. I will therefore proceed to explain what I think to be the reason of the Nile's swelling in the summer time. During the winter the sun is driven out of his usual course by the storms, and removes to the upper parts of Libya. This is the whole secret in the fewest possible words; for it stands to reason that the country which the Sun-god approaches the nearest and which he passes most directly over, will be scantest of water, and that there the streams which feed the river will shrink the most.

To explain, however, more at length, the case is this: The sun in his passage across the upper parts of Libya, affects them in the following way: As the air in those regions is constantly clear, and the country warm through the absence of cold winds, the sun in his passage across them acts upon them exactly as he is wont to act elsewhere in summer, when his path is in the middle of heaven—that is, he

attracts the water. After attracting it, he again repels it into the upper regions, where the winds lay hold of it, scatter it, and reduce it to a vapor, whence it naturally enough comes to pass that winds that blow from this quarter—the south and southwest—are of all winds the most rainy. And my own opinion is that the sun does not get rid of all the water which he draws year by year from the Nile, but retains some about him. When the winter begins to soften, the sun goes back again to his old place in the middle of the heaven, and proceeds to attract water equally from all countries. Till then the other rivers run big from the quantity of rain-water which they bring down from countries where so much moisture falls that all the land is cut into gullies; but in summer, when the showers fail, and the sun attracts their water, they become low. The Nile, on the contrary, not deriving any of its bulk from rains, and being in the winter subject to the attraction of the sun, naturally runs at that season, unlike all other streams, with a less burden of water than in the summer time. For in summer it is exposed to attraction equally with all other rivers, but in winter it suffers alone.

It is the sun, also, in my opinion, which, by heating the space through which it passes, makes the air of Egypt so dry. There is thus perpetual summer in the upper parts of Libya. Were the position of the heavenly bodies reversed, so that the place where now the north wind and the winter have their dwelling became the station of the south wind and of the noonday, while on the other hand the station of the south wind became that of the north, the consequence would be that the sun, driven from the mid-heaven by the winter and the northern gales, would betake himself to the upper parts of Europe, as he now does to those of Libya, and then I believe his passage across Europe would affect the Ister exactly as the

Nile is affected at the present day. And with respect to the fact that no breeze blows from the Nile, I am of the opinion that no wind is likely to arise in very hot countries, for breezes love to blow from some cold quarter.

THE COURSE OF THE NILE

THE course of the Nile is known, not only throughout Egypt, but to the extent of four months' journey either by land or water above the Egyptian boundary; for on calculation it will be found that it takes that length of time to travel from Elephantiné to the country of the "Deserters." There the direction of the river is from west to east. Beyond, no one has any certain knowledge of its course, since the country is uninhabited by reason of the excessive heat.

I did hear, indeed, what I will now relate, from certain natives of Cyrené. Once upon a time, they said, they were on a visit to the oracular shrine of Ammon, when it chanced that in the course of conversation with Etearchus, the Ammonian king, the talk fell upon the Nile, how that its sources were unknown to all men. Etearchus upon this mentioned that some Nasimonians had come over to his court, and when asked if they could give any information concerning the uninhabited parts of Libya, had told the following tale. (The Nasimonians are a Libyan race who occupy the Syrtis and a tract of no great size toward the east.)

They said there had grown up among them some wild young men, the sons of certain chiefs, who, when they came to man's estate, indulged in all manner of extravagances, and among other things drew lots for five of their number to go and explore the desert parts of Libya, and try if they could not pene-

traté farther than any had done previously. The coast of Libya along the sea which washes it to the north, throughout its entire length from Egypt to Cape Soloris, which is its farthest, is inhabited by Libyans of many distinct tribes, who possess the whole tract except certain portions which belong to the Phœnicians and the Greeks. Above the coast-line and the country inhabited by the maritime tribes, Libya is full of wild beasts; while beyond the wild-beast region there is a tract which is wholly sand, very scant of water, and utterly and entirely a desert.

The young men therefore despatched on this errand by their comrades, with a plentiful supply of water and provisions, traveled at first through the inhabited region, passing which they came to the wild-beast tract, whence they finally entered upon the desert, which they proceeded to cross in a direction from east to west. After journeying for many days over a wide extent of sands they came at last to a plain where they observed trees growing; approaching them, and seeing fruit on them, they proceeded to gather it. While they were thus engaged, there came upon them some dwarfish men, under the middle height, who seized them and carried them off. The Nasimonians could not understand a word of their language, nor had they any acquaintance with the language of the Nasimonians. They were led across extensive marshes, and finally came to a town where all the men were of the height of their conductors, and black-complexioned. A great river flowed by the town, running from west to east, and containing crocodiles. Here let me dismiss Etearchus the Ammonian, and his story, only adding that (according to the Cyrenæans) he declared that the Nasimonians got safe back to the country, and that the men whose city they had reached were sorcerers.

With respect to the river which ran by their town,

Etearchus conjectured it to be the Nile; and reason favors that view. For the Nile certainly flows out of Libya, dividing it down the middle, and as I conceive—judging the unknown from the known—rises at the same distance from its mouth as the Ister. The latter river has its source in the country of the Celts near the city Pyrené, and runs through the middle of Europe, dividing it into two portions. The Celts live beyond the Pillars of Hercules, and border on the Cynesians, who dwell at the extreme west of Europe. Thus the latter flows through the whole of Europe before it finally empties itself into the Euxine at Istria, one of the colonies of the Milesians. Now as this river flows through regions that are inhabited, its course is perfectly well known; but of the sources of the Nile no one can give any account, since Libya, the country through which it passes, is desert and without inhabitants. As far as it was possible to get information by inquiry, I have given a description of the stream. It enters Egypt from the parts beyond. Egypt lies almost exactly opposite the mountainous region of Cilicia, whence a lightly equipped traveler may reach Sinopé on the Euxine in five days by the direct route. Sinopé lies opposite the place where the Ister falls into the sea. My opinion, therefore, is that the Nile as it traverses the whole of Libya, is of equal length with the Ister. And here I take my leave of this subject.

ABOUT THE CROCODILE

THE following are the peculiarities of the crocodile. During the four winter months they eat nothing. They are four-footed, and live indifferently on land or in the water. The female lays and hatches her eggs ashore, passing the greater portion of the day on dry land, but at night retiring to the river, the water of which is warmer than the night-air and

the dew. Of all known animals this is the one which from the smallest size grows to be the greatest; for the egg of the crocodile is but little bigger than that of the goose, and the young crocodile is in proportion to the egg; yet when it is full-grown the animal measures frequently seventeen cubits, and even more, It has the eyes of a pig, teeth large and tusk-like, of a size proportioned to its frame. Unlike any other animal, it is without a tongue. It cannot move its under jaw, and in this respect it is singular, being the only animal in the world which moves its upper jaw, and not the under. It has strong claws and a scaly skin, impenetrable upon the back. In the water it is blind, but on the land it is very keen of sight. As it lives chiefly in the river, it has the inside of its mouth constantly covered with leeches; hence it happens that while all the other birds and beasts avoid it, with the trochilus it lives at peace, since it owes much to that bird; for the crocodile, when he leaves the water and comes upon the land, is in the habit of lying with his mouth wide open, facing the western breeze; at such times the trochilus goes into his mouth and devours the leeches. This benefits the crocodile, who is pleased, and takes care not to hurt the trochilus. . . .

The modes of catching the crocodile are many and various. I shall only describe the one which seems to me most worthy of mention. They bait a hook with a chine of pork, and let the meat be carried out into the middle of the stream, while the hunter upon the bank holds a living pig, which he belabors. The crocodile hears its cries, and making for the sound, encounters the pork, which he instantly swallows down. The men on the shore haul, and when they have got him to land, the first thing the hunter does is to plaster his eyes with mud. This once accomplished, the animal is despatched with ease; otherwise he gives much trouble.

THE PHŒNIX

THEY have also another sacred bird called the Phœnix, which I myself have never seen except in pictures. Indeed it is a great rarity even in Egypt, only coming there (according to accounts of the people of Heliopolis) once in five hundred years, when the old phœnix dies. Its size and appearance—if it is like the pictures—is as follows: The plumage is partly red, partly golden, while the general make and size are almost exactly that of the eagle. They tell a story of what this bird does, which does not seem to me to be credible: that he comes all the way from Arabia, and brings the parent bird, all plastered with myrrh, to the temple of the sun, and there buries the body. In order to bring him, they say, he first forms a ball of myrrh as big as he finds that he can carry; then he hollows out the ball, and puts his parent inside; after which he covers over the opening with fresh myrrh, and the ball is then of exactly the same weight as at first; so he brings it to Egypt, plastered over as I have said, and deposits it in the temple of the sun. Such is the story they tell of the doings of this bird.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers)

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, poet, novelist, and essayist, born at Cambridge, Mass., in 1809; died 1894. He was educated at Harvard University, gaining while there three medals for dissertations. He started the study of law, but soon gave it up for that of medicine. From 1847 to 1882 he was a professor in the Harvard Medical School. He wrote "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table" for the "Atlantic Monthly," and they were later published in book form. Of his novels, "Elsie Venner," and "The Guardian Angel," are the best. He also wrote a large number of essays and medical works. Subtle humor, sparkling wit, and the most tender pathos came in turn from the pen of this writer, and through it all was the sunshine of his own character.

THE VOICELESS

WE count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number?
A few can touch the magic string,
And noisy Fame is proud to win them:—
Alas for those that never sing,
But die with all their music in them!

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone
Whose song has told their hearts' sad story,—
Weep for the voiceless, who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!

Not where Leucadian breezes sweep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,
But where the glistening night-dews weep
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

O hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine
Slow-dropp'd from Misery's crushing presses,—
If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were pour'd,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadow'd main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanter, where the Siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wreck'd is the ship of pearl!
And every chamber'd cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies reveal'd,—
Its iris'd ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unseal'd!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,

Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretch'd in his last-found home, and knew the old
no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice
that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

THE LAST LEAF

I SAW him once before,
As he pass'd by the door;
And again
The pavement-stones resound
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan;
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has press'd
In their bloom;
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady! she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff;
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here,
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches,—and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

OLD IRONSIDES

AY, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the connon's roar;—
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

IT was a tall young oysterman lived by the river-
side,
His shop was just upon the bank, his boat was on
the tide;
The daughter of a fisherman, that was so straight
and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw a lovely maid,
Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in the shade;
He saw her wave her handkerchief, as much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman, and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home, for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story-book, that, for to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont, and I will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's step, and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh, what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love, that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishin-boat, and fix the fellow soon."
Down fell that pretty innocent, as falls a snow-white lamb;
Her hair drooped round her pallid cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas! for those two loving ones! she waked not
from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp, and in the
waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them, in pity of their
woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for mermaids
down below.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST-TABLE

(From "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Publishers)

SIN has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.

——I think, Sir,—said the divinity-student,—you must intend that for one of the sayings of the Seven Wise Men of Boston you were speaking of the other day.

I thank you, my young friend,—was my reply,—but I must say something better than that, before I could pretend to fill out the number.

——The schoolmistress wanted to know how many of these sayings there were on record, and what, and by whom said.

——Why, let us see,—there is that one of Benjamin Franklin, "the great Bostonian," after whom this lad was named. To be sure, he said a great many wise things,—and I don't feel sure he didn't borrow this,—he speaks as if it were old. But then he applied it so neatly!—

"He that has once done you a kindness will be more ready to do you another than he whom you yourself have obliged."

Then there is that glorious Epicurean paradox,

uttered by my friend, the Historian, in one of his flashing moments:—

"Give us the luxuries of life, and we will dispense with its necessaries."

To these must certainly be added that other saying of one of the wittiest of men:—

"Good Americans, when they die, go to Paris."

——The divinity-student looked grave at this, but said nothing.

The schoolmistress spoke out, and said she didn't think the wit meant any irreverence. It was only another way of saying, Paris is a heavenly place after New York or Boston.

A jaunty-looking person, who had come in with the young fellow they call John,—evidently a stranger,—said there was one more wise man's sayings that he had heard; it was about our place, but he didn't know who said it.—A civil curiosity was manifested by the company to hear the fourth wise saying. I heard him distinctly whispering to the young fellow who brought him to dinner, *Shall I tell it?* To which the answer was, *Go ahead!*—Well,—he said,—this was what I heard:—

"Boston State-House is the hub of the solar system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man, if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

Sir,—said I,—I am gratified with your remark. It expresses with pleasing vivacity that which I have sometimes heard uttered with malignant dulness. The satire of the remark is essentially true of Boston,—and of all other considerable—and inconsiderable—places with which I have had the privilege of being acquainted. Cockneys think London is the only place in the world. Frenchmen—you remember the line about Paris, the Court, the World, etc.—I recollect well, by the way, a sign in that city which ran thus: "Hôtel de l'Univers et des

États Unis;" and as Paris *is* the universe to a Frenchman, of course the United States are outside of it.—"See Naples and then die."—It is quite as bad with smaller places. I have been about, lecturing, you know, and have found the following propositions to hold true of all of them:

1. The axis of the earth sticks out visibly through the center of each and every town or city.

2. If more than fifty years have passed since its foundation, it is affectionately styled by the inhabitants the "*good old* town of" ——— (whatever its name may happen to be),

3. Every collection of its inhabitants that comes together to listen to a stranger is invariably declared to be a "remarkably intelligent audience."

4. The climate of the place is particularly favorable to longevity.

5. It contains several persons of vast talent little known to the world. (One or two of them, you may perhaps chance to remember, sent short pieces to the "Pactolian" some time since, which were "respectfully declined.")

Boston is just like the other places of its size;—only, perhaps, considering its excellent fish-market, paid fire-department, superior monthly publications, and correct habit of spelling the English language, it has some right to look down on the mob of cities. I'll tell you, though, if you want to know it, what is the real offense of Boston. It drains a large water-shed of its intellect, and will not itself be drained. If it would only send away its first-rate men, instead of its second-rate ones, (no offense to well-known exceptions, of which we are always proud,) we should be spared such epigrammatic remarks as that which the gentleman has quoted. There can never be a real metropolis in this country, until the biggest center drain the lesser ones of their talent and wealth.—I have observed, by the

way, that the people who really live in two great cities are by no means so jealous of each other, as are those of smaller cities situated within the intellectual basin, or *suction-range,* of one large one, of the pretensions of any other. Don't you see why? Because their promising young author and rising lawyer and large capitalist have been drained off to the neighboring big city,—their prettiest girl has been exported to the same market; all their ambition points there, and all their thin gilding of glory comes from there. I hate little toad-eating cities.

——Would I be so good as to specify any particular example?—Oh,—an example? Did you ever see a bear-trap? Never? Well, shouldn't you like to see me put my foot into one? With sentiments of the highest consideration I must beg leave to be excused.

Besides, some of the smaller cities are charming. If they have an old church or two, a few stately mansions of former grandees, here and there an old dwelling with the second story projecting, (for the convenience of shooting the Indians knocking at the front-door with their tomahawks),—if they have, scattered about, those mighty square houses built something more than half a century ago, and standing like architectural boulders dropped by the former diluvium of wealth, whose refluent wave has left them as its monument,—if they have gardens with elbowed apple-trees that push their branches over the high board-fence and drop their fruit on the side-walk,—if they have a little grass in the side-streets, enough to betoken quiet without proclaiming decay,—I think I could go to pieces, after my life's work were done, in one of those tranquil places, as sweetly as in any cradle that an old man may be rocked to sleep in. I visit such spots always with infinite delight. My friend, the Poet, says, that

rapidly growing towns are most unfavorable to the imaginative and reflective faculties. Let a man live in one of these old quiet places, he says, and the wine of his soul, which is kept thick and turbid by the rattle of busy streets, settles, and, as you hold it up, you may see the sun through it by day and the stars by night.

——Do I think that the little villages have the conceit of the great towns?—I don't believe there is much difference. You know how they read Pope's line in the smallest town in our State of Massachusetts?—Well, they read it

"All are but parts of one stupendous HULL!"

——Every person's feelings have a front-door and a side door by which they may be entered. The front-door is on the street. Some keep it always open; some keep it latched; some, locked; some, bolted,—with a chain that will let you peep in, but not get in; and some nail it up, so that nothing can pass its threshold. This front-door leads into a passage which opens into an ante-room, and this into the interior apartments. The side-door opens at once into the sacred chambers.

There is almost always at least one key to this side-door. This is carried for years hidden in a mother's bosom. Fathers, brothers, sisters, and friends, often, but by no means so universally, have duplicates of it. The wedding-ring conveys a right to one; alas, if none is given with it!

If nature or accident has put one of these keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters over its doomed victim,—*The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time,—or, if you are a man, run off and die with your head on a curb-

stone, in Melbourne or San Francisco,—or, if you are a woman, quarrel and break your heart, or turn into a pale, jointed petrifaction that moves about as if it were alive, or play some real life-tragedy or other.

Be very careful to whom you trust one of these keys of the side-door. The fact of possessing one renders those even who are dear to you very terrible at times. You can keep the world out from your front-door, or receive visitors only when you are ready for them; but those of your own flesh and blood, or of certain grades of intimacy, can come in at the side-door, if they will, at any hour and in any mood. Some of them have a scale of your whole nervous system, and can play all the gamut of your sensibilities in semitones,—touching the naked nerve-pulps as a pianist strikes the keys of his instrument. I am satisfied that there are as great masters of this nerve-playing as Vieuxtemps or Thalberg in their lines of performance. Married life is the school in which the most accomplished artists in this department are found. A delicate woman is the best instrument; she has such a magnificent compass of sensibilities! From the deep inward moan which follows pressure on the great nerves of right, to the sharp cry as the filaments of taste are struck with a crashing sweep, is a range which no other instrument possesses. A few exercises on it daily at home fit a man wonderfully for his habitual labors, and refresh him immensely as he returns from them. No stranger can get a great many notes of torture out of a human soul; it takes one that knows it well,—parent, child, brother, sister, intimate. Be very careful to whom you give a side-door key; too many have them already.

——You remember the old story of the tender-hearted man, who placed a frozen viper in his

bosom, and was stung by it when it became thawed? If we take a cold-blooded creature into our bosom, better that it should sting us and we should die than that its chill should slowly steal into our hearts; warm it we never can! I have seen faces of women that were fair to look upon, yet one could see that the icicles were forming round these women's hearts. I knew what freezing image lay on the white breasts beneath the laces!

A very simple *intellectual* mechanism answers the necessities of friendship, and even of the most intimate relations of life. If a watch tell us the hour and the minute, we can be content to carry it about with us for a life-time, though it has no second-hand, and is not a repeater, nor a musical watch,—though it is not enameled nor jeweled,—in short, though it has little beyond the wheels required for a trust-worthy instrument, added to a good face and a pair of useful hands. The more wheels there are in a watch or a brain, the more trouble they are to take care of. The movements of exaltation which belong to genius are egotistic by their very nature. A calm, clear mind, not subject to the spasms and crises that are so often met with in creative or intensely perceptive natures, is the best basis for love or friendship.—Observe, I am talking about *minds*. I won't say, the more intellect, the less capacity for loving; for that would do wrong to the understanding and reason;—but, on the other hand, that the brain often runs away with the heart's best blood, which gives the world a few pages of wisdom or sentiment or poetry; instead of making one other heart happy, I have no question.

If one's intimate in love or friendship cannot or does not share all one's intellectual tastes or pursuits, that is a small matter. Intellectual companions can be found easily in men and books. After all, if we think of it, most of the world's

loves and friendships have been between people that could not read nor spell.

But to radiate the heat of the affections into a clod, which absorbs all that is poured into it, but never warms beneath the sunshine of smiles or the pressure of hand or lip,—this is the great martyrdom of sensitive beings,—most of all in that perpetual *auto da fé* where young womanhood is the sacrifice.

——You noticed, perhaps, what I just said about the loves and friendships of illiterate persons,—that is, of the human race, with a few exceptions here and there. I like books,—I was born and bred among them, and have the easy feeling, when I get into their presence, that a stable-boy has among horses. I don't think I undervalue them either as companions or as instructors. But I can't help remembering that the world's great men have not commonly been great scholars, nor its great scholars great men. The Hebrew patriarchs had small libraries, I think, if any; yet they represent to our imaginations a very complete idea of manhood, and, I think, if we could ask in Abraham to dine with us men of letters next Saturday, we should feel honored by his company.

What I wanted to say about books is this: that there are times in which every active mind feels itself above any and all human books.

——I think a man must have a good opinion of himself, Sir,—said the divinity-student,—who should feel himself above Shakespeare at any time.

My young friend,—I replied,—the man who is never conscious of any state of feeling or of intellectual effort entirely beyond expression by any form of words whatsoever is a mere creature of language. I can hardly believe there are any such men. Why, think for a moment of the power of music. The nerves that make us alive to it spread

out (so the Professor tells me) in the most sensitive region of the marrow, just where it is widening to run upwards into the hemispheres. It has its seat in the region of sense rather than of thought. Yet it produces a continuous and, as it were, logical sequence of emotional and intellectual changes; but how different from trains of thought proper! how entirely beyond the reach of symbols!—Think of human passions as compared with all phrases! Did you ever hear of a man's growing lean by the reading of "Romeo and Juliet," or blowing his brains out because Desdemona was maligned? There are a good many symbols, even, that are more expressive than words. I remember a young wife who had to part with her husband for a time, She did not write a mournful poem; indeed, she was a silent person, and perhaps hardly said a word about it; but she quietly turned of a deep orange color with jaundice. A great many people in this world have but one form of rhetoric for their profoundest experiences,—namely, to waste away and die. When a man can *read,* his paroxysm of feeling is passing. When he can *read,* his thought has slackened its hold.—You talk about reading Shakespeare, using him as an expression for the highest intellect, and you wonder that any common person should be so presumptuous as to suppose his thought can rise above the text which lies before him. But think a moment. A child's reading of Shakespeare is one thing, and Coleridge's or Schlegel's reading of him is another. The saturation-point of each mind differs from that of every other. But I think it is as true for the small mind which can only take up a little as for the great one which takes up much, that the suggested trains of thought and feeling ought always to rise above—not the author, but the reader's mental version of the author, whoever he may be.

I think most readers of Shakespeare sometimes find themselves thrown into exalted mental conditions like those produced by music. Then they may drop the book, to pass at once into the region of thought without words. We may happen to be very dull folks, you and I, and probably are, unless there is some particular reason to suppose the contrary. But we get glimpses now and then of a sphere of spiritual possibilities, where we, dull as we are now, may sail in vast circles round the largest compass of earthly intelligences.

——I confess there are times when I feel like the friend I mentioned to you some time ago,—I hate the very sight of a book. Sometimes it becomes almost a physical necessity to talk out what is in the mind, before putting anything else into it. It is very bad to have thoughts and feelings, which were meant to come out in talk, *strike in,* as they say of some complaints that ought to show outwardly.

I always believed in life rather than in books. I suppose every day of earth, with its hundred thousand deaths and something more of births,—with its loves and hates, its triumphs and defeats, its pangs and blisses, has more of humanity in it than all the books that were ever written, put together. I believe the flowers growing at this moment send up more fragrance to heaven than was ever exhaled from all the essences ever distilled.

——Don't I read up various matters to talk about at this table or elsewhere?—No, that is the last thing I would do. I will tell you my rule. Talk about those subjects you have had long in your mind, and listen to what others say about subjects you have studied but recently. Knowledge and timber shouldn't be much used till they are seasoned.

——Physiologists and metaphysicians have had their attention turned a good deal of late to the automatic and involuntary actions of the mind.

Put an idea into your intelligence and leave it there an hour, a day, a year, without ever having occasion to refer to it. When, at last, you return to it, you do not find it as it was when acquired. It has domiciliated itself, so to speak,—become at home,—entered into relations with your other thoughts and integrated itself with the whole fabric of the mind.—Or take a simple and familiar example. You forget a name, in conversation,—go on talking, without making any effort to recall it,—and presently the mind evolves it by its own involuntary and unconscious action, while you were pursuing another train of thought, and the name rises of itself to your lips.

There are some curious observations I should like to make about the mental machinery, but I think we are getting rather didactic.

——I should be gratified, if Benjamin Franklin would let me know something of his progress in the French language. I rather liked that exercise he read us the other day, though I must confess I should hardly dare to translate it, for fear some people in a remote city where I once lived might think I was drawing their portraits.

——Yes, Paris is a famous place for societies. I don't know whether the piece I mentioned from the French author was intended simply as Natural History, or whether there was not a little malice in his description. At any rate, when I gave my translation to B. F. to turn back again into French, one reason was that I thought it would sound a little bald in English, and some people might think it was meant to have some local bearing or other,—which the author, of course, didn't mean, inasmuch as he could not be acquainted with anything on this side the water.

[The above remarks were addressed to the schoolmistress, to whom I handed the paper after looking

it over. The divinity-student came and read over her shoulder,—very curious, apparently, but his eyes wandered, I thought. Seeing that her breathing was a little hurried and high, or *thoracic,* as my friend the Professor, calls it, I watched her a little more closely.—It is none of my business.—After all, it is the imponderables that move the world,—heat, electricity, love.—*Habet.*]

THOMAS HOOD

THOMAS HOOD, English poet and humorist, was born in London, in 1799; died there 1845. As a lad he wrote verses and his literary ambitions made him, when but twenty-three, an editor of the "London Magazine." Later he edited "The Gem," published "The Comic Annual," and "Hood's Magazine." His humor was spontaneous, never forced. At times he brought out pathetic pieces that showed an inborn tendency to melancholy, despite the fact that his work was to make men laugh and see the brighter side. Among his best works are: "The Song of the Shirt," "The Bridge of Sighs," and "Faithless Nelly Gray."

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

("Drowned! drowned!"—Hamlet)

ONE more fortunate,
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements;
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.—

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
Rash and undutiful:
Past all dishonor,
Death has left on her
Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses;
Whilst wonderment guesses
Where was her home?

Who was her father?
Who was her mother?
Had she a sister?
Had she a brother?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
Yet, than all other?

Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun!
O, it was pitiful!
Near a whole city full,
Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
Feelings had changed:
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence;
Even God's providence
Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood with amazement,
Houseless by night.

The bleak wind of March
Make her tremble and shiver
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurled—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!

In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,—
Over the brink of it,
Picture it—think of it,
Dissolute man!
Lave in it, drink of it,
Then, if you can!

Take he up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently,—kindly,—
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!

Dreadfully staring
Through muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fixed on futurity.

Perishing gloomily,
Spurred by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.—
Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behavior,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's O! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work,
Till the brain begins to swim!
Work—work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone,
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God; that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
  My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
  A crust of bread—and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
  A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
  For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
  From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work,
  As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
  Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
  As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work,
In the dull December light,
  And work—work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
  The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
  And twit me with the spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
  With the sky above my feet,
And the grass beneath my feet,
For only one short hour
  To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
  And the walk that costs a meal!

"O! but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER

I REMEMBER, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups,
Those flowers made of light!
The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then,
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 't is little joy
To know I'm further off from heaven
Than when I was a boy.

FAITHLESS NELLY GRAY

BEN BATTLE was a soldier bold,
And used to war's alarms;
But a cannon-ball took off his legs,
So he laid down his arms.

Now, as they bore him off the field,
Said he, "Let others shoot,
For here I leave my second leg,
And the Forty-second Foot."

The army-surgeons made him limbs:
Said he, "They're only pegs:
But there's as wooden members quite
As represent my legs."

Now, Ben he loved a pretty maid,
Her name was Nelly Gray:
So he went up to pay his devours,
When he devoured his pay.

But when he called on Nelly Gray,
  She made him quite a scoff,
And, when she saw his wooden legs,
  Began to take them off.

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
  Is this your love so warm?
The love that loves a scarlet coat
  Should be more uniform."

Said she, "I loved a soldier once,
  For he was blithe and brave;
But I will never have a man
  With both legs in the grave.

"Before you had those timber toes,
  Your love I did allow;
But then, you know, you stand upon
  Another footing now."

"Oh, Nelly Gray! Oh, Nelly Gray!
  For all your jeering speeches,
At duty's call I left my legs
  In Badajos's breaches."

"Why, then," said she, "you've lost the feet
  Of legs in war's alarms,
And now you cannot wear your shoes
  Upon your feats of arms."

"Oh, false and fickle Nelly Gray!
  I know why you refuse;
Though I've no feet, some other man
  Is standing in my shoes.

"I wish I'd never seen your face;
  But now, a long farewell!
For you will be my death; alas!
  You will not be my Nell."

Now, when he went from Nelly Gray,
His heart so heavy got,
And life was such a burden grown,
It made him take a knot.

So round his melancholy neck
A rope he did entwine,
And, for his second time in life,
Enlisted in the line.

One end he tied around a beam,
And then removed his pegs,
And, as his legs were off, of course
He soon was off his legs.

And there he hung till he was dead
As any nail in town:
For, though distress had cut him up,
It could not cut him down.

A dozen men sat on his corpse,
To find out why he died;
And they buried Ben in four cross-roads,
With a *stake* in his inside.

A SERENADE

"LULLABY, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard a father cry.
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
The brat will never shut an eye;
Hither come, some power divine!
Close his lids, or open mine!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
What the devil makes him cry?
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Still he stares—I wonder why,
Why are not the sons of earth
Blind, like puppies, from their birth?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!"
Thus I heard the father cry;
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Mary, you must come and try!—
Hush, oh, hush, for mercy's sake—
The more I sing, the more you wake!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Fie, you little creature, fie!
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Is no poppy-syrup nigh?
Give him some, or give him all,
I am nodding to his fall!"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Two such nights and I shall die!
"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
He'll be bruised, and so shall I—
How can I from bedposts keep,
When I'm walking in my sleep?"

"Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Sleep his very looks deny—
Lullaby, O, lullaby!
Nature soon will stupefy—
My nerves relax—my eyes grow dim—
Who's that fallen—me or him?"

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

'TWAS in the prime of summer-time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school:
There were some that ran and some that leapt,
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds,
And souls untouch'd by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in:
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,—
Turning to mirth all things of earth
As only boyhood can;
But the Usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch Heaven's blessed breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease:
So he lean'd his head on his hands, and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turn'd it o'er,
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide:
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale, and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome,
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strain'd the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turn he took,—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook,—
And, lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read—
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance,—
"It is 'The Death of Abel.'"

The Usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain,—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again,
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talk'd with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves,
Of lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves,
Of horrid stabs, in groves forlorn,
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod,—
Ay, how the ghostly hand will point
To show the burial clod,
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God!

He told how murderers walk the earth,
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain:
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain.

"And well," quoth he, "I know for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme;
Woe, woe, unutterable woe,
Who spill life's sacred stream!
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder in a dream.

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field,
The moon shone clear and cold:
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,—
And then the deed was done:
There was nothing lying at my foot
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill,
And yet I fear'd him all the more,
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seem'd lit with ghastly flame;
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame:
I took the dead man by his hand,
And call'd upon his name!

"O God! it made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain;
But when I touch'd the lifeless clay,
The blood gush'd out amain!
For every clot, a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew,
Was at the Devil's price:
A dozen times I groan'd; the dead
Had never groan'd but twice!

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heavens' topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging Sprite:—
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead
And hide it from my sight!'

"I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream,—
A sluggish water, black as ink,
The depth was so extreme:—
My gentle Boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corpse with a hollow plunge,
And vanish'd in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And wash'd my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer,
Nor join in Evening Hymn:
Like a Devil of the Pit I seem'd,
'Mid holy Cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread;
But Guilt was my grim Chamberlain
That lighted me to bed;
And drew my midnight curtains round,
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fever'd eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep:
For Sin had render'd unto her
The keys of Hell to keep!

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime,
With one besetting, horrid hint,
That rack'd me all the time;
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse unto crime!

"One stern, tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave;
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave,—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black accursed pool
With a wild misgiving eye;
And I saw the Dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrops from its wing;
But I never mark'd its morning flight,
I never heard it sing:
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;—
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began:
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murder'd man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was other where;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there:
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves
And still the corpse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep:
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

"So wills the fierce avenging Sprite,
Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,—
The world shall see his bones!

"O God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my right red hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay,
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul,—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy look'd up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin eyelids kiss'd,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn,
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walk'd between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

JULIA WARD HOWE

Julia Ward Howe, born in New York, 1819. In 1843 she became the wife of Dr. Howe. Her first published work was entitled "Passion Flowers," a volume of poems. Later she wrote tragedies, "The World's Own," "Lenore," and "Hippolytus." Her "Battle-Hymn of the Republic," inspired by the Civil War, is a lyric of extraordinary power. Mrs. Howe is a popular speaker on Woman's Rights and kindred subjects.

BATTLE-HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnish'd rows of steel:
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent
with his heel,
Since God is marching on."

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never
call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His
judgment-seat:
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant,
my feet!
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across
the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you
and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make
men free,
While God is marching on.

THE FINE LADY

HER Heart is set on folly,
An amber gathering straws;
She counts each poor occurrence,
Heeds not the heavenly laws.
Pity her!

She has a little beauty,
And she flaunts it in the day,
While the selfish wrinkles, spreading,
Steal all its charm away.
Pity her!

She has a little money,
And she flings it everywhere;
'Tis a gewgaw on her bosom,
'Tis a tinsel in her hair.
Pity her!

She has a little feeling,
  She spreads a foolish net
That snares her own weak footsteps,
  Not his for whom 'tis set.
    Pity her!

Ye harmless household drudges,
  Your draggled daily wear
And horny palms of labor
  A softer heart may bear.
    Pity her!

Ye steadfast ones, whose burthens
  Weigh valorous shoulders down,
With hands that cannot idle,
  And brows that will not frown.
    Pity her!

Ye saints, whose thoughts are folded
  As graciously to rest
As a dove's stainless pinions
  Upon her guileless breast,
    Pity her!

But most, ye helpful angels
  That send distress and work,
Hot task and sweating forehead,
  To heal man's idle irk,
    Pity her!

A DREAM

A WOMAN came, wearing a veil;
  Her features were burning and pale;
At the door of the shrine doth she kneel,
And waileth out, bowing her head,
"Ye men of remembrance and dread,
"Exorcise the pangs that I feel.

"A boat that is torn with the tide,
"A mountain with flame in its side
"That rends its devouring way,
"A feather the whirlwind lifts high,
"Are not wilder or weaker than I,
"Since Love makes my bosom his prey.

"Ye saints, I fall down at your feet;
"Thou Virgin, so piteous to greet,
"Reach hither the calm of your hands;
"Ye statues of power and of art,
"Let your marble weight lie on my heart,
"Hold my madness with merciful bands."

The priest takes his candle and book
With the pity or scorn in his look,
And chants the dull Mass through his teeth;
But the penitent, clasping his knees,
Cries, "Vain as the sough of the breeze
"Are thy words to the anguish of death."

The priest, with reproval and frown,
Bids the listless attendant reach down
The water that sprinkles from sin.
"Your water is water," she cries:
"The further its foolishness flies,
"The fiercer the flames burn within."

"Get thee hence to the cell and the scourge!"
The priest in his anger doth urge,
"Or the fire of the stake thou shalt prove,
"Maintaining with blasphemous tongue
"That the mass-book and censer, high swung,
"Cannot cast out the demon of Love."

Then the Highest stept down from his place,
While the depths of his wonderful face
The thrill of compassion did move:
"Come hide thee," he cried, "in this breast:
"I summon the weary to rest;
"With love I exorcise thy love."

THOMAS HUGHES

THOMAS HUGHES, novelist, born at Donnington Priory, Berkshire, England, in 1823; died at Brighton, in 1896. He was educated at Rugby, during the headmastership of the famous Dr. Arnold, and at Oriel College, Oxford. His school experiences appeared later in his "Tom Brown's School Days," and "Tom Brown at Oxford." He was admitted to the bar, and for a number of years was a member of Parliament. In addition to the works mentioned above, he wrote "A Layman's Faith," "Alfred the Great," "The Manliness of Christ," and others. It seems as if Hughes, more than almost any other writer, had a thorough understanding of boy nature.

RUGBY AND FOOTBALL

(From "Tom Brown's School Days")

AND so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the schoolhouse, as I tell'd you," said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away; while the coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Deadman's Corner, past the school gates, and down the High street to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering, in a style which would not have disgraced "Cherry Bob," "ramping, stamping, tearing, swearing Billy Harwood," or any other of the old coaching heroes.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school fields or close, with its noble elms, in which several games of football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of gray buildings,

beginning with the chapel, and ending with the school-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud at being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel-window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box and working the team down street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having righted himself and nodded to the guard with "How do, Jem?" he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began:—

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment; glad however to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so; you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming today, and asked me to give you a lift."

Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronizing air of his new friend—a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying—especially when young my lord begins hectoring two or three long loafing fellows, halfporter, half stableman, with a strong touch of the blackguard, and in the end arranges with one of them, nicknamed Cooey, to carry Tom's luggage up to the school-house for sixpence.

"And heark'ee, Cooey, it must be up in ten minutes or no more jobs from me. Come along, Brown."

And away swaggers the young potentate, with his hands in his pockets, and Tom at his side.

"All right, sir," said Cooey, touching his hat, with a leer and a wink at his companions.

"Hullo, though," says East, pulling up and taking another look at Tom, "this'll never do—haven't you got a hat? We never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I—don't know what'd happen." The very idea was quite beyond the young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the hind boot, and Tom equipped in his go-to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this don't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's the hatter's and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation cat-skin at seven-and-sixpence; Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, school-house, in half an hour.

"You can send in a note for a tile on Monday, and make it all right, you know," said Mentor; "we're allowed two seven-and-sixers a half, besides what we bring from home."

Tom by this time began to be conscious of his new social position and dignities, and to luxuriate in the realized ambition of being a public-school boy at last, with a vested right of spoiling two seven-and-sixers in half a year.

"You see," said his friend, as they strolled up toward the school gates, in explanation of his conduct—"a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward, and holds his head up, he

gets on. Now, you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps 'll double it next, if I keep in her good books."

There's nothing for candor like a lower-school boy; and East was a genuine specimen—frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and chock full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half-year, during which he had been at the school-house.

And Tom, notwithstanding his bumptiousness, felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices, as fast as he could understand them.

East was great in the character of cicerone; he carried Tom through the great gates where were only two or three boys. These satisfied themselves with the stock questions—"You fellow, what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board? and, What form are you in?"—and so they passed on through the quadrangle and a small courtyard, upon which looked down a lot of little windows (belonging, as his guide informed him, to some of the school-house studies), into the matron's room, where East introduced Tom to that dignitary; made him give up the key of his trunk that the matron might unpack his linen, and told the story of the hat and of his own presence of mind; upon the relation whereof the matron laughingly scolded him, for the coolest new boy in the house; and East, indignant at the accusation of newness, marched Tom off into the quadrangle, and began showing him the schools, and examining him as to his literary attainments; the result of which

was a prophecy that they would be in the same form, and could do their lessons together.

"And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner; and afterward, before calling over, we'll do the close."

Tom followed his guide through the school-house hall, which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room, thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabout, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them, at one of which some dozen boys were standing or lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop; but he shot through with his convoy, and landed him in the long dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which the studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel.

He hadn't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

It wasn't very large, certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window; which little precautions were necessary in the studies on the ground floor looking out into the close, to prevent the exit of small boys after locking-up, and the entrance of contraband articles. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the further end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red and blue check tablecloth; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or, by sitting close, for two, at the table; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to

another boy, so that three could sit and work together. The walls were wainscoted half-way up, the wainscot being covered with green baize, the remainder with a bright-patterned paper, on which hung three or four prints, of dogs' heads, Grimaldi winning the Aylesbury steeplechase, Amy Robsart, the reigning Waverley beauty of the day, and Tom Crib in a posture of defence, which did no credit to the science of that hero, if truly represented. Over the door were a row of hat-pegs, and on each side book-cases with cupboards at the bottom; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with school-books, a cup or two, a mousetrap, and brass candlesticks, leathern straps, a fustian bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing irons, and showed their use. A cricket-bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle, or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become the joint owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own? One's own! What a charm there is in the words! How long it takes boy and man to find out their worth! how fast most of us hold on to them! faster and more jealously the nearer we are to that general home into which we can take nothing, but must go naked as we came into the world. When shall we learn that he who multiplieth possessions multiplieth troubles, and that the one single use of things that we call our own is that they may be his who hath need of them?

"And shall I have a study like this, too?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course; you'll be chummed with some

fellow on Monday, and you can sit here till then."

"What nice places."

"They're well enough," answered East patronizingly, "only uncommon cold at nights sometimes. Gower—that's my chum—and I make a fire with paper on the floor after supper generally, only that makes it so smoky."

"But there's a big fire out in the passage," said Tom.

"Precious little good we get out of that, though," said East; "Jones the prepositor has the study at the fire end, and he has rigged up an iron rod and green baize curtain across the passage, which he draws at night, and sits there with his door open, so he gets all the fire, and hears if we come out of our studies after eight, or make a noise. However, he's taken to sitting in the fifth-form room lately, so we do get a bit of fire sometimes; only to keep a sharp look-out that he don't catch you behind his curtain when he comes down—that's all."

A quarter past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner, so they went into the hall and took their places, Tom at the very bottom of the second table, next to the prepositor (who sat at the end to keep order there), and East a few paces higher. And now Tom for the first time saw his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastrycook's, dainty mortals, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help them with their dinners. And a great big-bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner by the old verger and the housekeeper. Tom's turn came last, and meanwhile he was all eyes, looking first with awe at the great

man who sat close to him, and was helped first, and who read a hard-looking book all the time he was eating; and when he got up and walked off to the fire, at the small boys round him, some of whom were reading, and the rest talking in whispers to one another, or stealing one another's bread, or shooting pellets, or digging their forks through the table cloth. However, notwithstanding his curiosity, he managed to make a capital dinner by the time the big man called "Stand up!" and said grace.

As soon as dinner was over, and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbors as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East, who evidently enjoyed his new dignity of patron and mentor, proposed having a look at the close, which Tom, athirst for knowledge, gladly assented to, and they went out through the quadrangle and past the big fives' court into the great playground.

"That's the chapel, you see," said East, "and there just behind it is the place for fights; you see it's most out of the way of the masters, who all live on the other side and don't come by here after first lesson or callings-over. That's when the fights come off. And all this part where we are is the little side-ground, right up to the trees, and on the other side of the trees is the big side-ground, where the matches are played. And there's the island in the furthest corner; you'll know that well enough next half, when there's island fagging. I say, it's horrid cold, lets have a run across," and away went East, Tom close behind him. East was evidently putting his best foot foremost, and Tom, who was mighty proud of his running, and not a little anxious to show his friend that although a new boy he was no milksop, laid himself down to the work in his very best style. Right across the close they went,

each doing all he knew, and there wasn't a yard between them when they pulled up at the island moat.

"I say," said East, as soon as he got his wind, looking with much increased respect at Tom, "you ain't a bad scud, not by no means. Well, I'm as warm as a toast now."

"But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the school-house boys.

"Why, bless us, don't you know? No, I forgot. Why, to-day's the school-house match. Our house plays the whole of the school at football. And we all wear white trousers, to show 'em we don't care for hacks. You're in luck to come to-day. You just will see a match; and Brooke's going to let me play in quarters. That's more than he'll do for any other lower-school boy, except James, and he's fourteen."

"Who's Brooke?"

"Why that big fellow who called over at dinner, to be sure. He's cock of the school, and head of the school-house side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

"Oh, but do show me where they play? And tell me about it. I love football so, and have played all my life. Won't Brooke let me play?"

"Not he," said East, with some indignation; "why, you don't know the rules—you'll be a month learning them. And then it's no joke playing-up in a match, I can tell you. Quite another thing from your private-school games. Why, there's been two collar-bones broken this half, and a dozen fellows lamed. And last year a fellow had his leg broken."

Tom listened with the profoundest respect to this chapter of accidents, and followed East across the level ground till they came to a sort of gigantic

gallows of two poles eighteen feet high, fixed upright in the ground some fourteen feet apart, with a cross bar running from one to the other at the height of ten feet or thereabouts.

"This is one of the goals," said East, "and you see the other across there, right opposite, under the doctor's wall. Well, the match is for the best of three goals; whichever side kicks two goals wins: and it won't do, you see, just to kick the ball through these posts, it must go over the cross bar; any height'll do, so long as it's between the posts. You'll have to stay in goal to touch the ball when it rolls behind the posts, because if the other side touch it they have a try at goal. Then we fellows in quarters, we play just about in front of goal here, and have to turn the ball and kick it back before the big fellows on the other side can follow it up. And in front of us all the big fellows play, and that's where the scrummages are mostly."

Tom's respect increased as he struggled to make out his friend's technicalities, and the other set to work to explain the mysteries of "off your side," "drop kicks," "punts," "places," and the other intricacies of the great science of football.

"But how do you keep the ball between the goals?" said he. "I can't see why it mightn't go right down to the chapel."

"Why, that's out of play," answered East. "You see this gravel walk running down all along this side of the playing-ground, and the line of elms opposite on the other? Well, they're the bounds. As soon as the ball gets past them, it's in touch, and out of play. And then whoever first touches it has to knock it straight out among the players-up, who make two lines with a space between them, every fellow going on his own side. Ain't there just fine scrummages then! And the three trees you see there which come out into the play, that's a tremendous

place when the ball hangs there, for you get thrown against the trees, and that's worse than any hack."

Tom wondered within himself as they strolled back again towards the fives' court, whether the matches were really such break-neck affairs as East represented, and whether, if they were, he should ever get to like them and play-up well.

He hadn't long to wonder, however, for next minute East cried out, "Hurra! here's the punt-about—come along and try your hand at a kick." The punt-about is the practice ball, which is just brought out and kicked about anyhow from one boy to another before callings-over and dinner, and at other odd times. They joined the boys who had brought it out, all small school-house fellows, friends of East; and Tom had the pleasure of trying his skill, and performed very creditably, after first driving his foot three inches into the ground, and then nearly kicking his leg into the air, in vigorous efforts to accomplish a drop-kick after the manner of East.

Presently more boys and bigger came out, and boys from other houses on their way to calling-over, and more balls were sent for. The crowd thickened as three o'clock approached; and when the hour struck, one hundred and fifty boys were hard at work. Then the balls were held, the master of the week came down in cap and gown to calling-over, and the whole school of three hundred boys swept into the big school to answer to their names.

"I may come in, mayn't I?" said Tom, catching East by the arm and longing to feel one of them.

"Yes, come along; nobody'll say anything. You won't be so eager to get into calling-over after a month," replied his friend; and they marched into the big school together, and up to the further end, where that illustrious form, the lower fourth, which had the honor of East's patronage for the time being, stood.

The master mounted into the high desk by the door, and one of the prepositors of the week stood by him on the steps, the other three marching up and down the middle of the school with their canes, calling out "Silence, silence!" The sixth form stood close by the door on the left, some thirty in number, mostly great big grown men, as Tom thought, surveying them from a distance with awe. The fifth form behind them twice their number and not quite so big. These on the left; and on the right the lower fifth, shell, and all the junior forms in order; while up the middle marched the three prepositors.

Then the prepositor who stands by the master calls out the names, beginning with the sixth form, and as he calls, each boy answers "Here" to his name, and walks out. Some of the sixth stop at the door to turn the whole string of boys into the close; it is a great match day, and every boy in the school, will-he, nill-he, must be there. The rest of the sixth go forward into the close, to see that no one escapes by means of the side gates.

To-day, however, being the school-house match, none of the school-house prepositors stay by the door to watch for truants of their side; there is *carte blanche* to the school-house fags to go where they like: "They trust to our honor," as East proudly informs Tom; "they know very well that no school-house boy would cut the match. If he did, we'd very soon cut him, I can tell you."

The master of the week being short-sighted, and the prepositors of the week small and not well up to their work, the lower school-boys employ the ten minutes which elapse before their names are called, in pelting one another vigorously with acorns, which fly about in all directions. The small prepositors dash in every now and then, and generally chastise some quiet, timid boy who is equally afraid of acorns and canes, while the principal performers

get dexterously out of the way; and so calling-over rolls on somehow, much like the big world, punishments lighting on wrong shoulders, and matters going generally in a queer, cross-grained-way, but the end coming somehow, which is after all the great point. And now the master of the week has finished, and locked up the big school; and the prepositors of the week come out, sweeping the last remnant of the school fags—who had been loafing about the corners by the fives' court in hopes of a chance of bolting—before them into the close.

"Hold the punt-about!" "To the goals!" are the cries, and all stray balls are impounded by the authorities; and the whole mass of boys moves up toward the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom among them, who are making for the goal under the school-house wall, are the school-house boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the island goal are the school-boys in a like predicament. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together; they are hanging their jackets, and, all who mean real work, their hats, waistcoats, neck-handkerchiefs, and braces, on the railings round the small trees; and there they go by twos and threes up to their respective grounds. There is none of the color and tastiness of get-up, you will perceive, which lends such a life to the present game at Rugby, making the dullest and worst-fought match a pretty sight. Now each house has its own uniform of cap and jersey, of some lively color: but at the time we are speaking of, plush caps have not yet come in or uniforms of any sort, except the school-house white trousers, which are abominably cold to-day: let us get to work, bareheaded and girded with our plain leather straps—but we mean business, gentlemen.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my words; for hasn't old Brooke won the toss, with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals and kick-off? The new ball you may see lies there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing toward the school or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the schoolhouse side is drilled. You will see, in the first place, that a sixth-form boy, who has the charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away; see how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bull-dogs—mark them well—they are "the fighting brigade," the "die-hards," larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to—here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshipping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances

a last time over his array, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The school side is not organized in the same way. The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight it must take more than that to hinder them from winning: and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of the school-house wings; a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning toward the school goal; seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the school-house cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back among the masses of the school already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got: you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a school-house match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see; it has broken; the ball is driven out on the school-house side, and a rush of the school carries it past the school-house players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call though, the school-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost school-boys, who are heading

the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the school-house quarters, and now into the school goal; for the school-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries. You say you don't see much in it all; nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, and turns by which a game is lost and won—it takes an old player to do that—but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bull-dogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets a chance. Take a leaf out of his book,

you young chargers. Here comes Speedicut, and Flashman the school-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke, after locking up, by the school-house fire, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the school-house—but to make us think that's what you want—a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them—they are most useful players, the dodgers; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from among the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers: as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not facing a scrummage at football.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the school-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bull-dogs are the color of mother earth from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvellous knack of keeping his legs. The school-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the doctor's wall. The doctor and some of his family are there, looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the school-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees.

Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In touch," "Our ball." Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another: he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurrah! that rush has taken it right through the school line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The school leaders rush back shouting "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the school goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, and the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the school goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the school fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the school goal-posts.

The school leaders come up furious, and administer toco to the wretched fags nearest at hand: they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard-street to a china orange that the school-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby: if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just

pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the school back; he will not kick-out till they are all in a goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forward, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the school-house goal. Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the school line may not advance; but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the school rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real, genuine joy rings out from the school-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour—such a thing hasn't been done in the school-house match this five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the school-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the school; the most openly triumphant of them, among whom

is Tom, a school-house boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal-keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

At this moment Griffith, the itinerant vender of oranges from Hill Morton, enters the close with his heavy baskets; there is a rush of small boys upon the little pale-faced man, the two sides mingling together, subdued by the great Goddess Thirst, like the English and French by the streams in the Pyrenees. The leaders are past oranges and apples, but some of them visit their coats, and apply innocent looking ginger-beer bottles to their mouths. It is not ginger-beer though, I fear, and will do you no good. One short mad rush, and then a stitch in the side, and no more honest play; that's what comes of those bottles.

But now Griffith's baskets are empty, the ball is placed again midway, and the school are going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their lumber into goal, and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the school-house goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake, and so old Brooke sees, and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or five picked players, who are to keep the ball away to the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the charges.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the school time

to rush on and catch it as it falls, And here they are among us. Meet them like Englishmen, you school-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you—and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honor, and lots of bottled beer to-night for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke and the relics of the bull-dogs, break through and carry the ball back; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war-horse, the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away toward the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for; the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulders as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the "bravos" of the school-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks

East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the school gather for their last rush every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defence of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, and ball well down among them, straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bull-dogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and, turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal." Crab Jones catches it for a moment; but before he can kick it, the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the school-house goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest school players-up.

There stands the school-house præpostor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the præpostor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the præpostor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcass. "Our ball," says the præpostor, rising with his

prize; "but get up there, there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then feeling his limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel, young un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom as his wind comes back, "pretty well, thank you—all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown; he's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side," is called, and the first day of the school-house match is over.

DR. ARNOLD OF RUGBY

AND then came the great event in Tom's as in every Rugby's life of the day—the first sermon from Dr. Arnold.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene—the oak pulpit standing out by itself above the school-seats; the tall gaunt form, the kindling eye; the voice—now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light-infantry bugle—of him who stood there, Sunday after Sunday, witnessing and pleading for his Lord, the King of Righteousness and Love and Glory, with whose spirit he was filled, and in whose power he spoke; the long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother, to the young man's who was going out into the great world rejoicing in his strength.

It was a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of the year, when the only lights

in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

But what was it, after all, which seized and held these three hundred boys, dragging them out of themselves, willing or unwilling, for twenty minutes, on Sunday afternoon? True, there always were boys scattered up and down the School who, in heart and head, were worthy to hear and able to carry away the deepest and wisest words spoken. But these were a minority always—generally a very small one, often so small a one as to be counted on the fingers of your hand. What was it that moved and held us, the rest of the three hundred reckless boys, who feared the Doctor with all our hearts, and very little besides in heaven or earth; who thought more of our "sets" in School than of the Church of Christ, and put the traditions of Rugby, and the public opinion of boys in our daily life, above the laws of God?

We couldn't enter into half that we heard; we hadn't the knowledge of our own hearts, or the knowledge of one another; and little enough of the faith, hope, and love needed to that end. But we listen, as all boys in their better moods will listen—aye, and men too, for the matter of that—to a man whom we felt to be, with all his heart and soul and strength, striving against whatever was mean and unmanly and unrighteous in our little world. It was not the cold, clear voice of one giving advice and warning from serene heights to those who were struggling and sinning below, but the warm, living voice of one who was fighting for us, and by our sides, and calling on us to help him, and ourselves, and one another.

And so, wearily, and little by little, but surely and steadily on the whole, was brought home to the young

boy, for the first time in his life, the meaning of his life; that it was no fool's or sluggard's paradise, into which he had wandered by chance; but a battle-field, ordained from of old, where there are no spectators, but the youngest must take his side, and the stakes are life and death.

And he who roused this consciousness in them, showed them, at the same time, by every word he spoke in the pulpit, and by his whole daily life, how that battle was to be fought; and stood there before them their fellow-soldier, and the Captain of their band. The true sort of Captain, too, for a boy's army: one who had no misgivings, and who gave no uncertain word of command; and, let who would yield or make truce, would fight the fight out—so every boy felt—to the last gasp, and the last drop of blood. Other sides of his character might take hold of him and influence boys here and there; but it was this thoroughness and undaunted courage which, more than anything else, won his way to the hearts of the great mass of those on whom he left his mark, and made them believe first in him, and then in his Master.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO

Victor Marie Hugo, French statesman, novelist, and poet, born at Besaçon, in 1802; died at Paris, in 1885. He received a classic education, and at the age of twenty brought out a volume of poems called "Odes and Ballads." After the revolution of July, 1830, his play, "Marion de Lorme," that had been previously suppressed by the censor, was produced and was a great success. A number of other dramatic pieces were written by him, "The King Amuses Himself" being suppressed by the government. He gained admittance to the Academy, and was made a peer by Louis Philipp. On the *coup* d'état of 1851 he was exiled. His best novels are "Les Misérables," of most dramatic and absorbing interest, "The History of a Crime," "The Toilers of the Sea," and "Nôtre Dame de Paris." The last gives a most accurate idea of the social and religious conditions of Paris in the Middle Ages. Both the best scenes and most striking characters are somber. The tragic note is found everywhere.

THE COURT OF MIRACLES

(From "Nôtre Dame")

THE Court of Miracles was indeed only a pot-house, but a pot-house of thieves, as red with blood as with wine.

The spectacle presented to his eyes when his tattered escort at last landed him at his journey's end was scarcely fitted to bring him back to poetry, even were it the poetry of hell. It was more than ever the prosaic and brutal reality of the tavern. If we were not living in the fifteenth century, we should

say that Gringoire had fallen from Michael Angelo to Callot.

Around a large fire burning upon a great round flag-stone, and lapping with its flames the rusty legs of a trivet empty for the moment, stood a number of worm-eaten tables here and there, in dire confusion, no lackey of any geometrical pretensions having deigned to adjust their parallelism, or at least to see that they did not cross each other at angles too unusual. Upon these tables glittered various pots and jugs dripping with wine and beer, and around these jugs were seated numerous Bacchanalian faces, purple with fire and wine. One big-bellied man with a jolly face was administering noisy kisses to a brawny, thickset woman. A rubbie, or old vagrant, whistled as he loosed the bandages from his mock wound, and rubbed his sound, healthy knee, which had been swathed all day in ample ligatures. Beyond him was a mumper, preparing his "visitation from God"—his sore leg—with suet and ox-blood. Two tables farther on, a sham pilgrim, in complete pilgrim dress, was spelling out the lament of Sainte-Reine, not forgetting the snuffle and twang. In another place a young scamp who imposed on the charitable by pretending to have been bitten by a mad dog, was taking a lesson of an old dummy chuckler in the art of frothing at the mouth by chewing a bit of soap. By their side a dropsical man was reducing his size, making four or five doxies hold their noses as they sat at the same table, quarrelling over a child which they had stolen during the evening,—all circumstances which, two centuries later, "seemed so ridiculous to the court," as Sauval says, "that they served as diversion to the king, and as the opening to a royal ballet entitled 'Night,' divided in four parts, and danced at the Petit Bourbon Theater." "Never," adds an eye-witness in 1653, "have the sudden changes of the Court of Miracles

been more happily hit off. Benserade prepared us for them by some very fine verses."

Coarse laughter was heard on every hand, with vulgar songs. Every man expressed himself in his own way, carping and swearing, without heeding his neighbor. Some hobnobbed, and quarrels arose from the clash of their mugs, and the breaking of their mugs was the cause of many torn rags.

A big dog squatted on his tail, gazing into the fire. Some children took their part in the orgies. The stolen child cried and screamed; while another, a stout boy of four, sat on a high bench, with his legs dangling, his chin just coming above the table, and not speaking a word. A third was gravely smearing the table with melted tallow as it ran from the candle. Another, a little fellow, crouched in the mud, almost lost in a kettle which he was scraping with a potsherd, making a noise which would have distracted Stradivarius.

A cask stood near the fire, and a beggar sat on the cask. This was the king upon his throne.

The three who held Gringoire led him up to this cask, and all the revelers were hushed for a moment, except the caldron inhabited by the child.

Gringoire dared not breathe or raise his eyes.

"*Hombre, quita tu sombrero!*" said one of the three scoundrels who held him; and before he had made up his mind what this meant, another snatched his hat,—a shabby headpiece, to be sure, but still useful on sunny or on rainy days. Gringoire sighed.

But the king, from the height of his barrel, addressed him,—

"Who is this varlet?"

Gringoire started. The voice, although threatening in tone, reminded him of another voice which had that same morning dealt the first blow to his mystery by whining out from the audience, "Charity, kind

souls !" He lifted his head. It was indeed Clopin Trouillefou.

Clopin Trouillefou, decked with his royal insignia, had not a tatter more or less than usual. The wound on his arm had vanished. In his hand he held one of those whips with whit-leather thongs then used by serjeants of the wand to keep back the crowd, and called "boullayes." Upon his head he wore a circular coif, closed at the top; but it was hard to say whether it was a child's pad or a king's crown, so similar are the two things.

Still, Gringoire, without knowing why, felt his hopes revive when he recognized this accursed beggar of the Great Hall in the king of the Court of Miracles.

"Master," stuttered he, "My lord—Sire—How shall I address you ?" he said at last, reaching the culminating point of his crescendo, and not knowing how to rise higher or to redescend.

"My lord, your Majesty, or comrade. Call me what you will; but make haste. What have you to say in your defence ?"

"'In your defence,'" thought Gringoire; "I don't like the sound of that." He resumed stammeringly, "I am he who this morning—"

"By the devil's claws !" interrupted Clopin, "your name, varlet, and nothing more. Hark ye. You stand before three mighty sovereigns: me, Clopin Trouillefou, King of Tunis, successor to the Grand Coëre, the king of rogues, lord paramount of the kingdom of Cant; Mathias Hungadi Spicali, Duke of Egypt and Bohemia, that yellow old boy you see yonder with a clout about his head, Guillaume Rousseau, Emperior of Galilee, that fat fellow who pays no heed to us, but caresses that wanton. We are your judges. You have entered the kingdom of Cant, the land of thieves, without being a member of the con-fraternity; you have violated the privileges of

our city. You must be punished, unless you be either prig, mumper, or cadger; that is, in the vulgar tongue of honest folks, either thief, beggar, or tramp. Are you anything of the sort? Justify yourself; state your character."

"Alas!" said Gringoire, "I have not that honor. I am the author—"

"Enough!" cried Trouillefou, not allowing him to finish his sentence. "You must be hanged. Quite a simple matter, my honest citizens! As you treat our people when they enter your domain, so we treat yours when they intrude among us. The law which you mete out to vagabonds, the vagabonds mete out to you. It is your own fault if it be evil. It is quite necessary that we should occasionally see an honest man grin through a hempen collar; it makes the thing honorable. Come, friend, divide your rags cheerfully among these young ladies. I will have you hanged to amuse the vagabonds, and you shall give them your purse to pay for a drink. If you have any mummeries to perform, over yonder in that mortar there's a capital God the Father, in stone, which we stole from the Church of Saint-Pierre-aux-Bœufs. You have four minutes to fling your soul at his head."

This was a terrible speech.

"Well said, upon my soul! Clopin Trouillefou preaches as well as any pope!" exclaimed the Emperor of Galilee, smashing his jug to prop up his table.

"Noble emperors and kings," said Gringoire with great coolness (for his courage had mysteriously returned, and he spoke firmly), "you do not consider what you're doing. My name is Pierre Gringoire; I am the poet whose play was performed this morning in the Great Hall of the Palace."

"Oh, is it you, sirrah?" said Clopin. "I was there, God's wounds! Well, comrade, because you

bored us this morning, is that any reason why we should not hang you to-night ?"

"I shall have hard work to get off," thought Gringoire. But yet he made one more effort. "I don't see," said he, "why poets should not be classed with vagabonds. Æsop was a vagrant; Homer was a beggar; Mercury was a thief——"

Clopin interrupted him: "I believe you mean to cozen us with your lingo. Good God! be hanged, and don't make such a row about it!"

"Excuse me, my lord King of Tunis," replied Gringoire, disputing every inch of the ground. "It it worth while— An instant— Hear me— You will not condemn me unheard——"

His melancholy voice was indeed lost in the uproar around him. The little boy scraped his kettle more vigorously than ever; and to cap the climax, an old woman had just placed a frying-pan full of fat upon the trivet, and it crackled over the flames with a noise like the shouts of an army of children in chase of some masquerader.

However, Clopin Trouillefou seemed to be conferring for a moment with the Duke of Egypt and the Emperor of Galilee, the latter being entirely drunk. Then he cried out sharply, "Silence, I say!" and as the kettle and the frying-pan paid no heed, but kept up their duet, he leaped from his cask, dealt a kick to the kettle, which rolled ten paces or more with the child, another kick to the frying-pan, which upset all the fat into the fire, and then gravely reascended his throne, utterly regardless of the little one's stifled sobs and the grumbling of the old woman whose supper had vanished in brilliant flames.

Trouillefou made a sign, and the duke, the emperor, the arch thieves, and the gonnofs ranged themselves around him in the form of a horseshoe, Gringoire, still roughly grasped by the shoulders,

occupying the center. It was a semicircle of rags, of tatters, of tinsel, of pitchforks, of axes, of staggering legs, of bare brawny arms, of sordid, dull, stupid faces. In the middle of this Round Table of beggary Clopin Trouillefou reigned preëminent, as the doge of this senate, the king of this assembly of peers, the pope of this conclave,—pre-eminent in the first place by the height of his cask, then by a peculiarly haughty, savage, and tremendous air, which made his eyes flash, and amended in his fierce profile the bestial type of the vagrant. He seemed a wild boar among swine.

"Hark ye," he said to Gringoire, caressing his shapeless chin with his horny hand; "I see no reason why you should not be hanged. To be sure, you seem to dislike the idea, and it's very plain that you worthy cits are not used to it; you've got an exaggerated idea of the thing. After all, we wish you no harm. There is one way of getting you out of the difficulty for the time being. Will you join us?"

My reader may fancy the effect of this proposal upon Gringoire, who saw his life escaping him, and had already begun to lose his hold upon it. He clung to it once more with vigor.

"I will, indeed, with all my heart," said he.

"Do you agree," resumed Clopin, "to enroll yoursel famong the gentry of the chive?"

"Of the chive, exactly," answered Gringoire.

"Do you acknowledge yourself a member of the rogues' brigade?" continued the King of Tunis.

"Of the rogues' brigade."

"A subject of the kingdom of Cant?"

"Of the kingdom of Cant."

"A vagrant?"

"A vagrant."

"At heart?"

"At heart."

"I would call your attention to the fact," added the king, "that you will be hanged none the less."

"The devil!" said the poet.

"Only," continued Clopin, quite unmoved, "you will be hanged later, with more ceremony, at the cost of the good city of Paris, on a fine stone gallows, and by honest men. That is some consolation."

"As you say," responded Gringoire.

"There are other advantages. As a member of the rogues' brigade you will have to pay no taxes for pavements, for the poor, or for lighting the streets, to all of which the citizens of Paris are subject."

"So be it," said the poet; "I consent. I am a vagrant, a Canter, a member of the rogues' brigade, a man of the chive,—what you will; and I was all this long ago, Sir King of Tunis, for I am a philosopher; *et omnia in philosophia, omnes in philosopha continentur,* as you know."

The King of Tunis frowned.

"What do you take me for, mate? What Hungarian Jew's gibberish are you giving us? I don't know Hebrew. I'm no Jew, if I am a thief. I don't even steal now: I am above that; I kill. Cut-throat, yes; cutpurse, no."

Gringoire tried to slip in some excuse between these brief phrases which anger made yet more abrupt.

"I beg your pardon, my lord. It is not Hebrew, it is Latin."

"I tell you," replied Clopin, furiously, "that I am no Jew, and that I will have you hanged,—by the synagogue, I will!—together with that paltry Judean cadger beside you, whom I mightily hope I may some day see nailed to a counter, like the counterfeit coin that he is!"

So saying, he pointed to the little Hungarian Jew with the beard, who had accosted Gringoire with his

"*Facitote caritatem,*" and who, understanding no other language, was amazed at the wrath which the King of Tunis vented upon him.

At last my lord Clopin became calm.

"So, varlet," said he to our poet, "you wish to become a vagrant?"

"Undoubtedly," replied the poet.

"It is not enough merely to wish," said the surly Clopin; "good-will never added an onion to the soup, and is good for nothing but a passport to paradise; now, paradise and Cant are two distinct things. To be received into the kingdom of Cant, you must prove that you are good for something; and to prove this you must fumble the snot."

"I will fumble," said Gringoire, "as much as ever you like."

Clopin made a sign. A number of Canters stepped from the circle and returned immediately, bringing a couple of posts finished at the lower end with broad wooden feet, which made them stand firmly upon the ground; at the upper end of the two posts they arranged a crossbeam, the whole forming a very pretty portable gallows, which Gringoire had the pleasure of seeing erected before him in the twinkling of an eye. Nothing was wanting, not even the rope, which swung gracefully from the crossbeam.

"What are they going to do?" wondered Gringoire with some alarm. A sound of bells which he heard at the same moment put an end to his anxiety; it was a manikin or puppet, that the vagrants hung by the neck to the cord,—a sort of scarecrow, dressed in red, and so loaded with little bells and hollow brasses that thirty Castilian mules might have been tricked out with them. These countless tinklers jingled for some time with the swaying of the rope, then the sound died away by degrees, and finally ceased when the manikin had been restored

to a state of complete immobility by that law of the pendulum which has superseded the clepsydra and the hour-glass.

Then Clopin, showing Gringoire a rickety old footstool, placed under the manikin, said,—

"Climb up there!"

"The devil!" objected Gringoire; "I shall break my neck. Your stool halts like one of Martial's couplets; one foot has six syllables and one foot has but five."

"Climb up!" repeated Clopin.

Gringoire mounted the stool, and succeeded, though not without considerable waving of head and arms, in recovering his center of gravity.

"Now," resumed the King of Tunis, "twist your right foot round your left leg, and stand on tiptoe with your left foot."

"My lord," said Gringoire, "are you absolutely determined to make me break a limb?"

Clopin tossed his head.

"Harke ye, mate; you talk too much. I will tell you in a couple of words what I expect you to do: you are to stand on tiptoe, as I say; in that fashion you can reach the manikin's pockets; you are to search them; you are to take out a purse which you will find there; and if you do all this without ringing a single bell, it is well: you shall become a vagrant. We shall have nothing more to do but to baste you with blows for a week."

"Zounds! I shall take good care," said Gringoire. "And if I ring the bells?"

"Then, you shall be hanged. Do you understand?"

"I don't understand at all," answered Gringoire.

"Listen to me once more. You are to search the manikin and steal his purse; if but a single bell stir in the act, you shall be hanged. Do you understand that?"

"Good," said Gringoire, "I understand that. What next?"

"If you manage to get the purse without moving the bells, you are a vagrant, and you shall be basted with blows for seven days in succession. You understand now, I suppose?"

"No, my lord; I no longer understand. Where is the advantage? I shall be hanged in the one case, beaten in the other?"

"And as a vagrant," added Clopin, "and as a vabrant; does that count for nothing? It is for your own good that we shall beat you, to harden you against blows."

"Many thanks," replied the poet.

"Come, make haste," said the king, stamping on his cask, which re-echoed like a vast drum.

"Fumble the snot, and be done with it! I warn you, once for all, that if I hear but one tinkle you shall take the manikin's place."

The company of Canters applauded Clopin's words, and ranged themselves in a ring around the gallows, with such pitiless laughter that Gringoire saw that he amused them too much not to have everything to fear from them. His only hope lay in the slight chance of succeeding in the terrible task imposed upon him; he decided to risk it, but not without first addressing a fervent prayer to the manikin whom he was to plunder, and who seemed more easily moved than the vagrants. The myriad little bells with their tiny brazen tongues seemed to him like so many vipers with gaping jaws, ready to hiss and sting.

"Oh," he murmured, "is it possible that my life depends upon the slightest quiver of the least of these bells? Oh," he added, with clasped hands, "do not ring, ye bells! Tinkle not, ye tinklers! Jingle not, ye jinglers!"

He made one more attempt to melt Trouillefou.

"And if a breeze spring up?" he asked.

"You will be hanged," answered the other, without hesitating.

Seeing that neither respite, delay, nor subterfuge was possible, he made a desperate effort; he twisted his right foot round his left leg, stood tiptoe on his left foot, and stretched out his arm, but just as he touched the manikin, his body, now resting on one foot, tottered upon the stool, which had but three; he strove mechanically to cling to the figure, lost his balance, and fell heavily to the ground, deafened and stunned by the fatal sound of the myriad bells of the manikin, which, yielding to the pressure of his hand, first revolved upon its own axis, then swung majestically to and fro between the posts.

"A curse upon it!" he cried as he fell; and he lay as if dead, face downwards.

Still he heard the fearful peal above his head, and the devilish laugh of the vagrants, and the voice of Trouillefou, as it said, "Lift up the knave, and hang him with a will."

He rose. The manikin had already been taken down to make room for him.

The Canters made him mount the stool. Clopin stepped up to him, passed the rope round his neck, and clapping him on the shoulder, exclaimed,—

"Farewell, mate. You can't escape now, though you have the digestion of the Pope himself."

The word "mercy" died on Gringoire's lips. He gazed around him, but without hope: every man was laughing.

"Bellevigne de l'Étoile," said the king of Tunis to a huge vagrant who started from the ranks, "climb upon the crossbeam."

Bellevigne de l'Étoile nimbly climbed the crossbeam, and in an instant Gringoire, raising his eyes, with terror beheld him squatting upon it, above his head.

"Now," continued Clopin Trouillefou, "when I clap me hands, do you, Andry le Rouge, knock away the footstool from under him; you, François Chante-Prune, hang on to the knave's feet; and you, Bellevigne, jump down upon his shoulders; and all three at once, do you hear?"

Gringoire shuddered.

"Are you ready?" said Clopin Trouillefou to the three Canters prepared to fall upon Gringoire. The poor sufferer endured a moment of horrible suspense, while Clopin calmly pushed into the fire with his foot a few vine-branches which the flame had not yet kindled. "Are you ready?" he repeated; and he opened his hands to clap. A second more, and all would have been over.

But he paused, as if struck with a sudden thought.

"One moment," said he; "I forgot! It is our custom never to hang a man without asking if there be any woman who'll have him. Comrade, it's your last chance. You must marry a tramp or the rope."

This gypsy law, strange as it may seem to the reader, is still written out in full in the ancient English code. (See "Burington's Observations.")

Gringoire breathed again. This was the second time that he had been restored to life within the half-hour; so he dared not feel too confident.

"Hello!" cried Clopin, remounting his cask; "hello there, women, females! is there among you, from the old witch to her cat, a wench who'll take this scurvy knave? Hello Colette la Charonne! Élisabeth Trouvain! Simon Jodouyne! Marie Piédebou! Thonne la Longue! Bérard Fanouel! Michelle Genaille! Claude Ronge-Oreille! Mathurine Girorou! Hello! Isabeau la Thierrye! Come and look! a man for nothing! who'll take him?"

Gringoire, in his wretched plight, was doubtless far from tempting. The vagabond women seemed but little moved by the offer. The luckless fellow

heard them answer: "No! no! hang him; that will make sport for us all."

Three, however, stepped from the crowd to look him over. The first was a stout, square-faced girl. She examined the philosopher's pitiable doublet most attentively. The stuff was worn, and more full of holes than a furnace for roasting chestnuts. The girl made a wry face. "An old clout!" she grumbled, and addressing Gringoire, "Let's look at your cloak?"

"I have lost it," said Gringoire.

"Your hat?"

"Some one took it from me."

"Your shoes?"

"The soles are almost worn through."

"Your purse?"

"Alas!" faltered Gringoire, "I have not a penny."

"Be hanged to you, then, and be thankful!" replied the tramp, turning her back on him.

The second, old, weather-beaten, wrinkled, and ugly, hideous enough to be conspicuous even in the Court of Miracles, walked round and round Gringoire. He almost trembled lest she should accept him. But she muttered, "He's too thin," and took her leave.

The third was a young girl, quite rosy and not very ugly. "Save me!" whispered the poor devil.

She looked at him a moment with a compassionate air, then looked down, began to plait up her skirt, and seemed uncertain. He watched her every motion; this was his last ray of hope. "No," said the young woman at last; "no! Guillaume Longuejoue would lick me," and she went back to the crowd.

"Comrade," said Clopin Trouillefou, "you're down on your luck."

Then, standing erect upon his cask, he cried, "Will no one take this lot?" mimicking the tone of an

auctioneer, to the great entertainment of all; "will no one take it? Going, going, going!" and turning to the gallows with a nod, "Gone!"

Bellevigne de l'Étoile, Andry le Rouge, and François Chant-Prune approached Gringoire.

At this instant a shout rose from the thieves: "Esmeralda! Esmeralda!"

Gringoire trembled, and turned in the direction of the cry. The crowd opened and made way for a pure and radiant figure.

It was the gypsy girl.

"Esmeralda!" said Gringoire, astounded, amidst his contending emotions, at the suddenness with which that magic word connected all the various recollections of his day.

This rare creature seemed to exercise sovereign sway through her beauty and her charm even in the Court of Miracles. Thieves, beggars and harlots stood meekly aside to let her pass, and their brutal faces brightened at her glance.

She approached the victim with her light step. Her pretty Djoli followed her. Gringoire was more dead than alive. She gazed at him an instant in silence.

"Are you going to hang this man?" she gravely asked Clopin.

"Yes, sister," replied the King of Tunis, "unless you'll take him for your husband."

She pouted her pretty lower lip.

"I'll take him," said she.

Gringoire here firmly believed that he had been dreaming ever since morning, and that this was the end of the dream.

In fact the sudden change of fortune, though charming, was violent.

The slip-noose was unfastened, the poet was helped from his stool. He was obliged to seat himself, so great was his agitation.

The Duke of Egypt, without uttering a word, brought forward an earthen jug. The gypsy girl offered it to Gringoire. "Throw it down," she said to him.

The jug was broken into four pieces.

"Brother," then said the Duke of Egypt, laying his hands on their heads, "she is your wife; sister, he is your husband. For four years. Go!"

JEAN VALJEAN AND THE BISHOP

(From "Les Misérables")

I AM going to give you this straight. My name is Jean Valjean. I am a released convict, having spent nineteen years in the hulks. Let out four days ago, I am working my way to Pontarlier, which is my destination. These four days I have been footing it from Toulon. I have done twelve leagues this day afoot.

"This evening, in striking this country, I went into a tavern where they kicked me out because I had to show my yellow passport, my ticket-of-leave, you understand, at the mayor's office. I had to show it, see? I went to another public house, but they said: 'Be off!' in the same style. No one will harbor me anywhere. I rapped at the jail and the warder would not open to me. I crept into a dog kennel and the beast snapped at me and worried me out, same as a man—see? It looked as if he knew what I was.

"I went into the fields to sleep under the stars. But there were none, and thinking that it would come on to rain, and there being no good, kind God to stop it from raining on me, I returned into town to find some doorway to snooze in.

"Across the square, I laid on a stone, when a

good woman pointed to your house and said: 'Knock at that door.' I have knocked. What is this house anyhow? a kind of hotel? I carry money. My savings. One hundred and nine francs, fifteen sous, earned in the convict prison by my labor in nineteen years. I will pay fair. What else would you do with me? I have money; I am dead beat—twelve leagues of Shanks' mare, see! I am very hungry. Will you let me stay?"

"Madam Magloire, bring another plate," said the bishop.

With three strides the man neared the lamp on the table.

"Stop, you haven't got this right," said he, as though he had not been understood. "Did you not hear? I am a jail-bird, a galley-slave, fresh from the prison."

He pulled a large sheet of buff paper from his pocket and unfolded it.

"This is my leave to travel. Yellow, as you see, the pest color. It leads to my being kicked out wherever I show myself. Will you read it? I know how. I learnt it in the stone-jug. There is a school for those who like it. Hark ye! this is what is put on the 'brief:' 'JEAN VALJEAN, released convict, born at'—oh, you don't care for that? 'Nineteen years in. Five for burglary and theft. Fourteen for trying four times to break out. This *Number* is Most Dangerous.' There you have it! Everybody has given me the throwdown. Will you receive me? Is this a kind of hotel? will you give me meat and a bed? a stable will do for me."

"Madam Magloire," said the host, "air the sheets on the alcove bed."

Such was the obedience of either woman, that Magloire went out straightway to carry on the orders.

"Monsieur," said the bishop, turning to the man,

"take a seat and warm yourself. We are just sitting down to supper, and while you are having yours, your bed will be got ready."

Here the man fully comprehended. His expression, previously hard and gloomy, became impregnated with joy, doubt, and stupefaction—extraordinary! He began to stammer like a madman:—

"Is this so? what! you will keep me? you do not drive me out—a jail-bird? You call me 'monsieur,' and do not talk as to a dog? 'Be off, dog;' as they say to me so freely. Why, I thought that you, too, would give me the bounce! That is why I told you at the start what I was. Oh, what a trump that good soul was who told me to apply here!

"I am going to have supper, did you say? And a bed, with real sheets and a mattress, like all the rest of the world but us? A bed, good lord! It is nigh twenty years since I slept in a bed! Do you really like my not going away? Well, you are first-class folk! anyway, I really have money, no flam! and I can pay anything you say. You are an honest gentleman. A kind of a hotel-keeper, eh?"

"I am a priest who is living here," exclaimed the bishop.

"A priest!" exclaimed the man. "Well, you are an honest sort of a priest! In that case you would not take money. I reckon you are the parish priest, the priest of that big church? Just so. What a fool I am not to have noticed your skull-cap."

While babbling, he set down his pack in a corner, stood up his cudgel by it and took a seat, after putting his pass in his pocket.

Mdlle. Baptistine watched him with gentleness as he continued:—

"You are humane, master curate, you do not hold me in scorn. When a priest is good, he is good indeed. Then you do not need me to pay?"

"No, keep your money," said the bishop; "how

much did you say it was? one hundred and odd francs, I think?"

"And fifteen sous," added the man.

"How long were you earning so much?"

"Nineteen years."

The bishop repeated the words with a deep sigh.

"I have the lot whole," proceeded the prison-bird. "Since four days I spent only twenty-five sous, and I earned that again helping to unload carts at Grasse. As you are a gentleman of the cloth, I must tell you that we have a chaplain at the hulks. One day I saw a bishop there, coming from Marseilles—they called him 'His Grace.' He is a sort of priest over the priests—their head warden. You know what I mean, for I cannot put it right, as it is so far back when I spoke with other men outside. He said the mass right in the midst of the prison, on an altar; he wore a kind of pointed cap like gold which shone in the bright sun there. We were ranked three deep on three sides of a square, with the cannons in front, and the gunners standing with lighted lint-stocks. We had a fair squint at him. He said something or other, but we were too far off to catch what he sung out. That was the bishop, though."

While he spoke, the bishop went and shut the door, which had remained wide open.

The housekeeper entered with the things for the guest, which she set on the board.

"Madam Magloire, place them as close to the fire as you can. The wind coming down from the Alps is chill." Turning to the man, he added: "You must be cold, monsieur?"

Every time that he gave the outcast the title, with his sweetly grave voice as in the best company, the hearer's countenance brightened up. To a released felon, it was like a glass of water to a shipwrecked seaman. Ignominy thirsts for considerate treatment.

"That lamp is giving a very poor light," remarked the bishop.

Taking the hint, Madam Magloire went into the master's study for the pair of silver candlesticks, which she brought in lit and set on the table.

"Master priest, you are kind," said the guest. "You do not scorn me. You welcome me in your own house. You light up your candles in my honor. Yet I did not hold from you what I am, whence I came, and that I am a man under a ban."

Seated beside him, the bishop softly touched his hand.

"You needed not to have told me who you were. This is not my house, but Jesus Christ's. This door does not want him who enters to bear a name, but to bear a sorrow. You suffer; you are ahungered and athirst; verily, you are welcome. And thank me not; do not say that I am making you at home in my house. Nobody is at home on this earth who is not in search of shelter. I tell you, who chance in, that you are more in your own haven than I myself. All that is herein is yours. What need have I to know your name? Besides, before you spoke it, I knew who you were."

"Really?" and the man stared. "You knew my name?"

"Yes, you are my brother," answered the bishop.

"What a queer thing!" cried the man; "I was sharp-set when I came in; but you have been so kind to me that I do not know how it passed off—I do not feel it now."

"You had a very hard time of it?" said the bishop, looking at him.

"Sure! in a red cassock, with a cannon-ball chained to the heel, a board to sleep on, heat and cold, work, the warders with canes! For nothing at all, the double chain clapped on! For a word they throw you into the black hole! If you fall sick, the

same bed and the chain still on. Why, these here dogs are better off. Nineteen years of it! I am forty-six now. And the release-pass at last to show for it! Here it is."

"Yes, you come forth from a house of sorrows," said the prelate. "Listen to me. There is more joy in heaven over the tear-wet face of one repentant sinner than over the snowy robes of the hundred who are just. If you come out of that doleful place with angry and hateful thoughts towards your fellowmen, you are deserving of pity; if with those of peace, meekness, and loving-kindliness, then you are a better man than any of us."

During this time the housekeeper had put supper on the table. The soup was made of olive oil, water and salt with bread swimmers, while there were some cold pork, mutton, figs, fresh cheese, and a large barley loaf. She had of her own impulse added to the usual bottle one of old Mauves wine.

Her master's face assumed the gayety proper to hospitable hosts.

"To table!" said he quickly.

As commonly when he had company he had the guest on his right. His sister took the left, with perfect peacefulness, and naturally.

Having said the blessing, the bishop served the soup with his own hand as was his wont. The man began to eat greedily. Suddenly the host exclaimed: "I seem to miss something usually on the board!"

The housekeeper had put on only the necessary silver for three sitters. But it was their rule when the bishop had company, to make an innocent parade of the half-dozen plates, forks, and spoons, amusing in its childishness in this house where poverty was raised to dignity.

Understanding the reproof, Madam Magloire went out again without a word, and in a twinkling the

extra show of plate glittered on the cloth, symmetrically set out.

The best way to give an idea of what happened at this fast is to transcribe from a letter of the lady's to a friend, Madam Boischevron, where all is related with simple minutiæ.

This man (says the letter) paid attention to nobody, but ate with the voracity of the famished. Still, after the meal, he did speak, saying:—

"Father, under the Father our good God, all this is downright too kind to me, but I am bound to say that those carters who would not let me have a snack with them, live a great deal better than you."

Between ourselves, this censure somewhat shocked me, but my brother merely replied: "They work harder than I do."

"No, that is not it," said the man, "but they get more money. I can clearly see that you are poor. I am afraid you are not even the parish priest—are you not his deputy? Ah, if heaven played us square, you ought to be the full-blown priest here!"

"Our good God is more than square," said my brother; adding presently: "M. Jean Valjean, did you not say you were going to Pontarlier?"

"Ay, and obliged to stick to a route laid down. You see, I shall have to take to the road at daybreak to-morrow. Traveling is pretty rough, for you are frizzled by day and *friz* at night."

"You are going into a nice country," went on my brother. "When my family was ruined in the Revolution, I took refuge in Franche Comte in the first place, where I had to get my living by manual labor. I was willing for anything, and I found a lot to do. There was an abundance to choose among: paper mills, tanneries, distilleries, oil mills, watch factories, steel and copper works, at least a score of iron mills—" interrupting himself, he said to me: "Dear sister, have we not some kin in those parts?"

"Yes, among others M. de Lucenet, city-gate captain when the King was reigning."

"Yes," continued my brother, "but in '93, relatives were no use—a man had to rely on his own arm. I had to work. Where you are going, M. Jean Valjean, there is one branch of manufactures—quite patriarchal and lovely, my sister dear! cheese-making of a kind called fruity."

While pressing the man to eat, my brother explained at length how Pontarlier cheese-making was managed. The factories are of two sorts: the big granges are run by the rich dairy farmers, who keep forty or fifty head of milchers and produce seven or eight thousands of cheese yearly; and the co-operative factories, societies formed by the petty farmers on the mid-upland, who mass their produce and share the proceeds. They hire a practical cheese-maker, who receives the society's milk thrice a day and keeps account of the quantity. Towards the end of April the cheese factories begin running, and about the middle of June the cattle men drive their herds upon the highlands.

The man became animated while eating. My brother made him drink the Mauves wine, which he says he cannot touch as it is too dear for him. My brother went into the particulars above with that easy gayety which you knew so well, glancing off with pleasant reflections for me. He dwelt upon the cheese-making to impress on the man that it would be a good business for him to be attached to, an asylum for him, wishing him to see it in that light, without rudely and directly advising him.

One matter struck me; throughout the repast and the whole of the evening,—though I have told you what kind of a man this was,—my brother did not say a word, with the exception of the remark about Jesus when he entered, to remind him what he was or to tell him his own position. Yet it seemed an

occasion to preach a little sermon and to let the bishop leave on the galley-slave an impression of the interview. Perhaps another would have grasped this chance to nourish the soul of this sinner, being under the hand, at the same time as the body, and deliver reproaches fraught with counsel and morality, or at least show commiseration with exhortation to behave better in the future.

My brother did not even ask him where he came from, or his story. There must have been a fault, but my brother deemed to avoid so much as reminding him of it. This was so, for, at one point, as my brother was expatiating on the Pontarlier mountaineers, who have "the sweeter toil as it is high up nearer the heavens, and are happy because guileless," he stopped short, fearing that something in the remark might wound the man's feelings.

On thinking this over, I believe I can see what was passing in Charles' mind. Not but he thought that this Valjean man had his misery too plainly before him, and that the better way was to divert him, and make him believe even for a while that he was like other men—by treating him in the ordinary way. Is not this indeed genuine charity? something truly evangelic in the delicacy abstaining from all lecturing, moralizing, and allusions; the best pity being in not touching the raw spot in the soul? It seems to me that such was my brother's inward thought. In any case I must say that if this were so, he did not reveal the ideas even to me. From beginning to end, he was the same as ever all the evening and he supped with this vagabond with the same manners as if it were his curate or a neighbor.

Towards the close, as we were at the fruit, a knock came at the door. It was Mother Gerbaud, with her little boy in her arms. My brother kissed the little one and borrowed some silver that I had to give the woman. The man did not pay any great heed. He

did not speak any more, and appeared deeply tired. Poor old Gerbaud having gone, my brother said grace, and turning to the man, said:—

"You must want to go to bed."

Madam Magloire had cleared away very briskly and we went to our rooms. I sent her directly after to carry to the man's bed a Black Forest buckskin robe which I have, as the nights are icy, and it is a warm wrap. When Madam Magloire returned, we said our prayers and retired without speaking about the guest.

After saying good-night to his sister, Bishop Myriel took up one of the silver candlesticks from the table for himself, gave the other to his guest, and said:—

"If you are ready, sir, I will show you your bedroom."

The man followed him. The rooms were so located that to pass in or out of the oratory where the guest was placed, one had to cross through the bishop's bedroom. As the two were doing so, Housekeeper Magloire was shutting up the silver plate in the cupboard at the head of the bed. It was her last care before going to rest.

The bishop installed his guest in the alcove, where a fresh, white bed was ready. The man stood the candle on the little table.

"I hope you will have a good night," said the host. "Before you start in the morning I shall have a bowl of new milk for you."

"Thank you, master priest," said the man.

Scarcely had he uttered these words, full of peace, than a sudden strange thrill shook him, and would have frozen the two women with horror had they seen it. It is hard to say at present what inspired him at that moment. Did he mean to give warning or throw out a threat? Or did he merely obey some instinctive impulse obscure to himself? He wheeled

round sharply on the old gentleman, folded his arms and cried in a hoarse voice as he fastened a wild look on him:—

"Come, come, is it a fact that you make me at home like this?" he added with a chuckle in which was a monster's tone. "Have you thought the thing over? how are you to know but that I have committed murder?"

"That is the concern of our good God," replied the prelate.

Gravely, moving his lips as though he were praying or speaking to himself, he raised two fingers of the right hand, and blessed the man, who did not bow to the benediction, and, without turning his head or looking behind him, he went into his own chamber.

When the recess was occupied, a wide serge screen was drawn from side to side to conceal the altar in the oratory. The bishop bent the knee in passing before the curtain and made a brief prayer.

In another moment he was in his garden, walking in reverie, contemplative, with his soul and brain given wholly to those grand, mysterious matters which heaven shows in the night to open eyes.

As for his guest, he was so tired that he did not even take advantage of the nice white sheets. He had blown out his candle by stopping up one nostril with his finger laid beside it and blowing through the other, after the manner of prisoners when candles were used, and dropped dressed on the couch, where he went off at once into deep slumber.

Midnight struck as the bishop returned from the garden into his room.

A few minutes subsequently all were asleep throughout the little house.

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE

(Translated by Andrew Lang)

THE Grave said to the Rose
"What of the dews of dawn,
Love's flower, what end is theirs?"
"And what of spirits flown,
The souls whereon doth close
The tomb's mouth unawares?"
The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said: "In the shade
From the dawn's tears is made
A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet."
"And all the spirits fleet
Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,"
The Grave said to the Rose.

LEIGH HUNT

Leigh Hunt, born in Southgate, Eng., 1784; died in 1859. He began writing poetry in his juvenile years. In 1808 he, with his brother, established a newspaper, called the "Examiner." The severity of its political criticisms finally landed Leigh Hunt in jail, where he continued editing his paper and wrote many of his most noted poems. He was an industrious author, who turned out many books, most of which are not much known to the reading public to-day. A noted incident of his life was a transient association with Lord Byron, which ended in a total rupture of their friendship.

ABOU BEN ADHEM

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
"What writest thou?"—The vision rais'd its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer'd, "The names of those who love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanish'd. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,

And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

CHARACTERISTICS OF BYRON

HE was anxious to show you that he possessed no Shakespeare or Milton; "because," he said, "I have been accused of borrowing from them!" He affected to doubt whether Shakespeare was so great a genius as he has been taken for, and whether fashion had not a great deal to do with it. Spenser he could not read—at least he said so. All the gusto of that most poetical of the poets went with him for nothing. I lent him a volume of the *Faerie Queene*, and he said he would try to like it. Next day he brought it to my study window, and said: "Here, Hunt, here is your Spenser. I cannot see anything in him;" and he seemed anxious that I should take it out of his hands, as if he was afraid of being accused of copying so poor a writer. That he saw nothing in Spenser is not likely; but I really do not think that he saw much. Spenser was too much out of the world, and he too much in it. . . .

He would make confessions of vanity, or some other faults, or of inaptitude for a particular species of writing, partly to sound what you thought of it, partly that while you gave him credit for the humility, you were to protest against the concession. All the perversity of his spoiled nature would then come into play; and it was in these, and similar perplexities, that the main difficulty of living with him consisted. If you made everything tell in his favor, as most people did, he was pleased with you for not differing with him; but then nothing was gained. He lumped you with the rest, and was prepared to think as little of you in the particular as he did of

anyone else. If you contested a claim, or allowed him to be right in a concession, he could neither argue the point nor readily concede it. He was only mortified, and would take his revenge.

Lastly, if you behaved, like his admirers in general, in a sulky or disputatious manner, but naturally, and as if you had a right to your jest and your independence—whether to differ or admire, and apart from an eternal consideration for himself—he thought it an assumption, and would perplex you with all the airs and humors of an insulted beauty. Then nobody could rely, for a comfortable intercourse with him, either upon admissions or non-admissions, or even upon flattery itself. An immeasurable vanity kept even his adorers at a distance; like Xerxes enthroned with his millions a mile off. And if in a fit of desperation he condescended to come close, and be fond, he laughed at you for thinking you were of consequence to him, if you were taken in; and hated you if you stood out, which was to think yourself of greater consequence. Neither would a knowledge of all this, if you made him conscious, have lowered his self-admiration a jot. He would have thought it the mark of a great man—a noble capriciousness—an evidence of power, which none but the Alexanders and Napoleons of the intellectual world could venture upon.

Mr. Hazlitt had some reason to call him "a sublime coxcomb." Who but he (or Rochester, perhaps, whom he resembled) would have thought of avoiding Shakespeare, lest he should be thought to owe him anything? And talking of Napoleon—he delighted, when he took the additional name of Noel, in consequence of his marriage with an heiress, to sign himself "N. B.," "because," said he, "Bonaparte and I are the only public persons whose initials are the same."—*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries.*

THE MONTHLY NURSE

THE Monthly Nurse—taking the class in the lump, without such exceptions as will be noticed before we conclude—is a middle-aged, motherly sort of a gossiping, hushing, flattering, dictatorial, knowing, ignorant, not very delicate, comfortable, uneasy, slip-shod kind of a blinking individual, between asleep and awake, whose business it is—under Providence and the doctor—to see that a child be not ushered with too little officiousness into the world, nor brought up with too much good sense during the first month of its existence. All grown people, with her (excepting her own family), consist of wives who are brought to bed and husbands who are bound to be extremely sensible of the supremacy of that event; and all the rising generation are infants in laced caps, not five weeks old, with incessant thirst, screaming faces, thumpable backs, and red little minikin hands tipped with hints of nails. She is the only maker of caudle in the world. She takes snuff ostentatiously, drams advisedly, tea incessantly, advice indignantly, a nap when she can get it, cold whenever there is a crick in the door, and the remainder of whatsoever her mistress leaves to eat or drink, provided it is what somebody else would like to have. But she drinks rather than eats. She has not the relish for a "bit o' dinner" that the servant-maid has; though nobody but the washerwoman beats her at a "dish o' tea," or that which "keeps cold out of the stomach" and puts weakness into it. If she is thin, she is generally straight as a stick, being of a condition of body that not even drams will tumefy. If she is fat, she is one of the fubsiest of the cosey, though rheumatic withal, and requiring a complexional good nature to settle the irritabilities of her position and turn

the balance in favor of comfort and hope. She is the victim of watching; the arbitress of her superiors; the servant, yet rival, of doctors; the opposer of innovations; the regretter of all old household religions as to pap-boats, cradles, and swatches; the inhabitant of a hundred bedrooms; the Juno Lucina of the ancients, or goddess of childbirth, in the likeness of a cook-maid. Her greatest consolation under a death (next to the corner-cupboard and the not having had her advice taken about a piece of flannel) is the handsomeness of the corpse; and her greatest pleasure in life is when lady and baby are both gone to sleep, the fire bright, the kettle boiling, and her corns quiescent. She then first takes a pinch of snuff, by way of pungent anticipation of bliss, or as a sort of concentrated essence of satisfaction; then a glass of spirits; then puts the water into the teapot; then takes another glass of spirits (the last having been a small one, and the coming tea affording a "counteraction"); then smooths down her apron, adjusts herself in her armchair, pours out the first cup of tea, and sits for a minute or two staring at the fire, with the solid complacency of an owl,—perhaps not without something of his snore, between wheeze and snuff-box.

Good and ill nature, as in the case of every one else, make the great difference between the endurability, or otherwise, of this personage in your house; and the same qualities in the master and mistress, together with the amount of their good sense, or the want of it, have a like reaction. The good or ill, therefore, that is here said of the class in general becomes applicable to the individual accordingly. But as all people will get what power they can, the pleasant by pleasant means, and the unpleasant by the reverse, so the office of the Monthly Nurse, be her temper and nature what it will, is one that emphatically exposes her to temptation that way: and

her first endeavor when she comes into a house is to see how far she can establish an undisputed authority on all points. In proportion to her success or otherwise in this object she looks upon the lady as a charming, reasonable, fine, weak, cheatable creature, whose husband (as she tells him) "can never be too grateful for her bearing such troubles on his account," or as a Frenchified conceited madam, who will turn out a deplorable match for the poor gentleman, and assuredly be the death of the baby with her tantrums about "natural living," and her blasphemies against rum, pieces of fat, and Daffy's Elixir. The gentleman in like manner—or "master" as the humbler ones call him—is, according as he behaves himself and receives her revelations for gospel, a "sweet good man,"—"quite a gentleman,"—"just the very model of a husband for mistress," etc., etc.; or, on the other hand, he is a "very strange gentleman,"—"quite an oddity,"—one that is "not to be taught his own good,"—that will "neither be led nor *druv*,"—that will "be the death of mistress, with his constant *fidge-fidge* in and out of the room," —and his making her "laugh in that dreadful manner," and so forth; and as to his "pretending to hold the baby, it is like a cow with a candle-stick," "Holding the baby," indeed, is a science which she reckons to belong exclusively to herself; she makes it the greatest favor to visitor or servant to let them venture upon a trial of it; and affable intimations are given to the oldest mothers of families, who come to see her mistress, how they will do well to receive a little instruction on that head, and not venture to substitute their fine-spun theories for her solid practice; for your Monthly Nurse (next to a positive grandson) is the greatest teacher of your grandmother how to suck eggs, in the world; and you may have been forty years in the habit of sticking a pin and find your competency come to noth-

ing before the explanatory pity of her information.

Respecting the "doctor," her thoughts cannot be so bold, or even so patronizing. She is confessedly second to him, while he is present; and when he has left the room, a spell remains upon her from his superior knowledge. Yet she has her hearty likes or dislikes of him, too, and on the same grounds of self-reference. If she likes him, there "never *was* such a beautiful doctor," except perhaps Sir William, or Doctor Buttermouth (both dead), and always excepting the one that recommended herself. He is a "fine man,"—so patient,—so without pride,—and yet "so firm like;" nobody comes near him for a difficult case,—for a fever case,—for the management of a "violent lady." If she dislikes him, he is "queer,"—"odd,"—"stubborn,"—has the "new ways,"—very proper, she has no doubt, but not what she has been used to, or seen practised by the doctors about court. And, whether she likes him or not, she has always a saving grace for herself, of superiority to all other nurses in point of experience and good luck. She has always seen a case of more difficulty than the one in hand, and knows what was done for it; and Dr. Gripps, who is "always" called in to such cases, and who is a very pleasant though rough sort of gentleman, calls her his "other right hand," and "the *jewel* that rhymes to *gruel*."

The babies are always kings and queens, loves, darlings, jewels, and poppets. Beauties also, be sure; and as all babies are beautiful, and the last always more beautiful than the one before it, and "the child is father to the man," mankind, according to Nurse, ought to be nothing but a multitude of Venuses and Adonises; aldermen should be mere Cupids full-grown, and the passengers in Fleet Street, male and female, slay one another, as they go, with the unbearableness of their respective charms. But she has also modes of speech simply

pathetic or judicious. If the lady, when her health is inquired after, is in low spirits, she is described as "taking *on so ;*" if doing well, it must not be too well, for the honor of the importance of the case and the general dignity of ailment, and hence the famous answer, "as well as can be expected." By the time the baby arrives at the robustness of a fortnight old, and appears to begin to smack its lips, it is manifestly the most ill used of infant elegancies if a series of random hits are not made at its mouth and cheeks with a piece of the fat of pig; and when it is sleepy and yet will "not go to sleep" (which is a phenomenon usually developed about the time that Nurse wants her tea), or when it is "fractious" for not having had *enough* pig, or from something else which has been counteracted, or anything but the sly sup of gin lately given it, or the pin which is now running into its back, it is equally clear that if Daffy, or Godfrey, or rocking the chair will not do, a perpetual thumping of the back and jolting of its very soul out will; and, accordingly, there lies the future lord or lady of the creation prostrate across the nurse's knees, a lump in a laced cap and interminable clothes, getting redder and redder in the face, ejaculating such agonies between grunt and shout as each simultaneous thump will permit, and secretly saluted by its holder with "brats," and "drat it," and "was there ever such an 'obstropulous' little devil!" while her lips are loud in deprecation of the "naughty milk," or the "naughty cat" (which is to be beaten for its ill behavior), and "Dordie" (Georgy) is told to "go" to a mysterious place, called "Bye-Bye;" or the whole catechism of nursery interrogation is gone through, from the past tenses of the amenities of "Was it a poppet, then?" and "Did it break its pretty heart?" up to the future glories of "Shall it be a king, then?" "Shall it be a King Pepin?" "Shall it be a

princy-wincy?" a "countess?" a "duchess?" "Shall it break the fine gentlemen's hearts with those beautiful blue eyes?" In the midst of tragi-comic burlesque of this sort have risen upon the world its future Marses and Apollos, its Napoleons, its Platos, and its Shakespeares.

Alas that it should be made a question (ridiculed indeed by the shallow, the nurse among them, but very seriously mooted by philosophers) whether in that first and tenderest month of existence the little bundle of already made organs, sensations, and passions does not receive impressions from this frivolous elderly "nobody" which may affect the temper and disposition of the future man or woman! whether the "beautiful fury,"—though we confess we never saw such a phenomenon,—whether the crash in the china-closet, or the sacrifice of a daughter's happiness to a father's will and obstinacy, had not its first seeds sown in the lap of this poppet-dandling simpleton. Not its first," we apprehend. Those, we take it, are of far earlier origin, the little creature being much older than is generally supposed, when it comes under the influence of this its third and most transitory and not always most foolish modifier. But we have no doubt that she contributes her portion of effect. This is, however, what she herself can by no means comprehend. "As if any treatment" (she thinks) "except in the article of rum and sugar, and the mode of holding, can be of consequence to one so young!" She is nevertheless very diligent in looking for "marks" about his body, and tracing them to influences on the mother's mind; and yet she cannot see that the *then* impressible little creature is still impressible. Heaven and earth are to come together if the piece of fat is not supplied or the clothes are not of the proper fashion; but the sudden affrightment, the secret blow, the deadening jolt to sleep, or the giving way to

nothing but the last rage,—these are to be of no importance. She has no doubt, nevertheless, that its brothers and sisters are all impressible, whatever the infant may be; and accordingly, with her usual instinct of the love of power, she generally contrives to do as much inconsiderate harm to them as possible, and lays the seeds of jealousy in their minds—if none be there already—by telling them that they must now cease to look upon themselves as the only important persons in the family, for that "a little stranger has come to put their noses out of joint." Pleasing and picturesque introduction to the fraternal affections!

JENNY KISSED ME

JENNY kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in:
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad;
Say that health and wealth have missed me;
Say I'm growing old, but add—
Jenny kissed me!

HENRIK IBSEN

Henrik Ibsen, the most famous Norwegian poet and dramatist, was born at Skien, Norway, in 1828. Before he was twenty-one he had written a number of poems, and his drama "Katilina" was composed during his student days. In politics he was, for a time, a pronounced socialist. After directing a theater at Bergen, he traveled on the continent five years. During this period he wrote a number of works that were to give him lasting fame. Among the best of his plays are "Nora, or, a Doll-House," "Ghosts," "The Pillars of Society," "Hedda Gabler," and "Peer Gynt." Ibsen believes that the drama is a great teacher, and, while he deals with unpleasant characters of the type usually found in all problem plays, he always points to the remedy, and punishment always follows the transgressors of the moral law.

NORA AWAKENED

(From "A Doll's House." Translated by William Archer)

Scene: *Sitting-room in* Torvald Helmer's home, (*a flat*) *in Christiania.*

Helmer.—Why, what's this? Not gone to bed? You have changed your dress?

Nora.—Yes, Torvald; now I have changed my dress.

Helmer.—But why now, so late?

Nora.—I shall not sleep to-night.

Helmer.—But, Nora dear—

Nora [*looking at her watch*].—It's not so late yet. Sit down, Torvald: you and I have much to say to each other. [*She sits at one side of the table.*]

Helmer.—Nora, what does this mean? Your cold, set face—

Nora.—Sit down. It will take some time: I have much to talk over with you.

Helmer [*sits at the other side of the table*].—You alarm me; I don't understand you.

Nora.—No, that's just it. You don't understand me; and I have never understood you—till to-night. No, don't interrupt. Only listen to what I say. We must come to a final settlement, Torvald!

Helmer.—How do you mean?

Nora [*after a short silence*].—Does not one thing strike you as we sit here?

Helmer.—What should strike me?

Nora.—We have been married eight years. Does it not strike you that this is the first time we two—you and I, man and wife—have talked together seriously?

Helmer.—Seriously! Well, what do you call seriously?

Nora.—During eight whole years and more—ever since the day we first met—we have never exchanged one serious word about serious things.

Helmer.—Was I always to trouble you with the cares you could not help me to bear?

Nora.—I am not talking of cares. I say that we have never yet set ourselves seriously to get to the bottom of anything.

Helmer.—Why, my dear Nora, what have you to do with serious things?

Nora.—There we have it! You have never understood me. I have had great injustice done me, Torvald: first by my father, and then by you.

Helmer.—What! by your father and me?—by us who have loved you more than all the world?

Nora [*shaking her head*].—You have never loved me. You only thought it amusing to be in love with me.

Helmer.—Why, Nora, what a thing to say!

Nora.—Yes, it is so, Torvald. While I was at home with father he used to tell me all his opinions, and I held the same opinions. If I had others I concealed them, because he would not have liked it. He used to call me his doll child, and play with me as I played with my dolls. Then I came to live in your house—

Helmer.—What an expression to use about our marriage!

Nora [*undisturbed*].—I mean I passed from father's hands into yours. You settled everything according to your taste; and I got the same tastes as you; or I pretended to—I don't know which—both ways perhaps. When I look back on it now, I seem to have been living here like a beggar, from hand to mouth. I lived by performing tricks for you, Torvald. But you would have it so. You and father have done me a great wrong. It's your fault that my life has been wasted.

Helmer.—Why, Nora, how unreasonable and ungrateful you are! Haven't you been happy here?

Nora.—No, never: I thought I was, but I never was.

Helmer.—Not—not happy?

Nora.—No, only merry. And you've always been so kind to me. But our house has been nothing but a play-room. Here I have been your doll wife, just as at home I used to be papa's doll child. And the children in their turn have been my dolls. I thought it fun when you played with me, just as the children did when I played with them. That has been our marriage, Torvald.

Helmer.—There is some truth in what you say, exaggerated and overstrained though it be. But henceforth it shall be different. Play-time is over; now comes the time for education.

Nora.—Whose education? Mine, or the children's?

Helmer.—Both, my dear Nora.

Nora.—O Torvald, you can't teach me to be a fit wife for you.

Helmer.—And you say that?

Nora.—Am I—am I fit to educate the children?

Helmer.—Nora!

Nora.—Didn't you say yourself a few minutes ago you dared not trust them to me?

Helmer.—In the excitement of the moment: why should you dwell upon that?

Nora.—No—you are perfectly right. That problem is beyond me. There's another to be solved first—I must try to educate myself. You are not the man to help me in that. I must set about it alone. And that's why I am now leaving you.

Helmer [*jumping up*].—What do you mean to say—

Nora.—I must stand quite alone to know myself and my surroundings; so I cannot stay with you.

Helmer.—Nora! Nora!

Nora.—I am going at once. Christina will take me in for to-night—

Helmer.—You are mad. I shall not allow it. I forbid it.

Nora.—It's no use your forbidding me anything now. I shall take with me what belongs to me. From you I will accept nothing, either now or afterward.

Helmer.—What madness!

Nora.—To-morrow I shall go home.

Helmer.—Home!

Nora.—I mean to what was my home. It will be easier for me to find some opening there.

Helmer.—Oh, in your blind inexperience—

Nora.—I must try to gain experience, Torvald.

Helmer.—To forsake your home, your husband, and your children! You don't consider what the world will say.

Nora.—I can pay no heed to that! I only know that I must do it.

Helmer.—It's exasperating! Can you forsake your holiest duties in this way?

Nora.—What do you call my holiest duties?

Helmer.—Do you ask me that? Your duties to your husband and your children.

Nora.—I have other duties equally sacred.

Helmer.—Impossible! What duties do you mean?

Nora.—My duties toward myself.

Helmer.—Before all else you are a wife and a mother.

Nora.—That I no longer believe. I think that before all else I am a human being, just as much as you are—or at least I will try to become one. I know that most people agree with you, Torvald, and that they say so in books. But henceforth I can't be satisfied with what most people say, and what is in books. I must think things out for myself, and try to get clear about them.

Helmer.—Are you not clear about your place in your own home? Have you not an infallible guide in questions like these? Have you not religion?

Nora.—O Torvald, I don't know properly what religion is.

Helmer.—What do you mean?

Nora.—I know nothing but what our clergyman told me when I was confirmed. He explained that religion was this and that. When I get away from here and stand alone, I will look into that matter too. I will see whether what he has taught me is true, or at any rate whether it is true for me.

Helmer.—Oh, this is unheard of! But if religion cannot keep you right, let me appeal to your conscience—for I suppose you have some moral feeling? Or, answer me; perhaps you have none?

Nora.—Well, Torvald, it's not easy to say. I really don't know—I am all at sea about these

things. I only know that I think quite differently from you about them. I hear too that the laws are different from what I thought; but I can't believe that they are right. It appears that a woman has no right to spare her dying father or to save her husband's life. I don't believe that.

Helmer.—You talk like a child. You don't understand the society in which you live.

Nora.—No, I don't. But I shall try to. I must make up my mind which is right—society or I.

Helmer.—Nora, you are ill, you are feverish. I almost think you are out of your senses.

Nora.—I have never felt so much clearness and certainty as to-night.

Helmer.—You are clear and certain enough to forsake husband and children?

Nora.—Yes, I am.

Helmer.—Then there is only one explanation possible.

Nora.—What is that?

Helmer.—You no longer love me.

Nora.—No, that is just it.

Helmer.—Nora! Can you say so?

Nora.—Oh, I'm so sorry, Torvald; for you've always been so kind to me. But I can't help it. I do not love you any longer.

Helmer [*keeping his composure with difficulty*]. —Are you clear and certain on this point too?

Nora.—Yes, quite. That is why I won't stay here any longer.

Helmer.—And can you also make clear to me how I have forfeited your love?

Nora.—Yes, I can. It was this evening, when the miracle did not happen; for then I saw you were not the man I had taken you for.

Helmer.—Explain yourself more clearly: I don't understand.

Nora.—I have waited so patiently all these eight

years; for of course I saw clearly enough that miracles don't happen every day. When the crushing blow threatened me, I said to myself confidently, "Now comes the miracle!" When Krogstad's letter lay in the box, it never occurred to me that you would think of submitting to that man's conditions. I was convinced that you would say to him, "Make it known to all the world"; and that then—

Helmer.—Well? When I had given my own wife's name up to disgrace and shame—?

Nora.—Then I firmly believed that you would come forward, take everything upon yourself, and say, "I am the guilty one."

Helmer.—Nora!

Nora.—You mean I would never have accepted such a sacrifice? No, certainly not. But what would my assertions have been worth in opposition to yours? That was the miracle that I hoped for and dreaded. And it was to hinder that that I wanted to die.

Helmer.—I would gladly work for you day and night, Nora,—bear sorrow and want for your sake,—but no man sacrifices his honor, even, for one he loves.

Nora.—Millions of women have done so.

Helmer.—Oh, you think and talk like a silly child.

Nora.—Very likely. But you neither think nor talk like the man I can share my life with. When your terror was over,—not for me, but for yourself,—when there was nothing more to fear, then it was to you as though nothing had happened. I was your lark again, your doll—whom you would take twice as much care of in the future, because she was so weak and fragile. [*Stands up.*] Torvald, in that moment it burst upon me that I had been living here these eight years with a strange man and had borne him three children. Oh! I can't bear to think of it—I could tear myself to pieces!

Helmer [*sadly*].—I see it, I see it; an abyss has

opened between us. But, Nora, can it never be filled up?

Nora.—As I now am, I am no wife for you.

Helmer.—I have strength to become another man.

Nora.—Perhaps—when your doll is taken away from you.

Helmer.—To part—to part from you! No, Nora, no; I can't grasp the thought.

Nora [*going into room, right*].—The more reason for the thing to happen. [*She comes back with outdoor things and a small traveling-bag, which she puts on a chair.*]

Helmer.—Nora, Nora, not now! Wait till tomorrow.

Nora [*putting on cloak*]. I can't spend the night in a strange man's house.

Helmer.—But can't we live here as brother and sister?

Nora [*fastening her hat*].—You know very well that wouldn't last long. Good-by, Torvald. No, I won't go to the children. I know they're in better hands than mine. As I now am, I can be nothing to them.

Helmer.—But sometime, Nora—sometime—

Nora.—How can I tell? I have no idea what will become of me.

Helmer.—But you are my wife, now and always!

Nora.—Listen, Torvald: when a wife leaves her husband's house, as I am doing, I have heard that in the eyes of the law he is free from all duties toward her. At any rate I release you from all duties. You must not feel yourself bound any more than I shall. There must be perfect freedom on both sides. There, there is your ring back. Give me mine.

Helmer.—That too?

Nora.—That too.

Helmer.—Here it is.

Nora.—Very well. Now it's all over. Here are

the keys. The servants know about everything in the house better than I do. To-morrow when I have started, Christina will come to pack my up my things. I will have them sent after me.

Helmer.—All over! All over! Nora, will you never think of me again?

Nora.—Oh, I shall often think of you, and the children—and this house.

Helmer.—May I write to you, Nora?

Nora.—No, never. You must not.

Helmer.—But I must send you—

Nora.—Nothing, nothing.

Helmer.—I must help you if you need it.

Nora.—No, I say. I take nothing from strangers.

Helmer.—Nora, can I never be more than a stranger to you?

Nora [*taking her traveling-bag*].—O Torvald, then the miracle of miracles would have to happen.

Helmer.—What is the miracle of miracles?

Nora.—Both of us would have to change so that—O Torvald, I no longer believe in miracles.

Helmer.—But I will believe. We must so change that—

Nora.—That communion between us shall be a marriage. Good-by. [*She goes out.*]

Helmer [*sinks into a chair by the door with his face in his hands*].—Nora! Nora! [*He looks around and stands up.*] Empty. She's gone! [*A hope inspires him.*] Ah! The miracle of miracles—? [*From below is heard the reverberation of a heavy door closing.*]

JEAN INGELOW

Jean Ingelow, English poetess and novelist, born at Boston, England, in 1830; died at Kensington, in 1897. Her father was an intellectual man, and Miss Ingelow was early acquainted with the best authors of her own and other days. In 1863 she published a volume of poems containing among other notable pieces, "High Tide on the Coast of Lincolnshire." It at once placed the author in the first rank of British poets, and this position is still given her by critics. The chief charm of her writing lies in her accurate observation, and simple mode of expression.

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE

(1571)

THE old mayor climbed the belfry tower;
The ringers ran by two, by three:
"Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers pull your best," quoth he.
"Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Play all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe 'The Brides of Enderby.'"

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, he knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flights of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea-wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off. I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song.
"Cusha! Cusha!" all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking-song:—

"Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!" calling,
"For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharpe and strong;
And all the aire it seemeth mee
Bin full of floating bells (sayeth shee),
That ring the tune of "Enderby."

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,
Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene;
And lo! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country-side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The "Brides of Mavis Enderby."

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows,
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows;
They sayde, "And why should this thing be?
What danger lowers by land or sea?
They ring the tune of 'Enderby'!

"For evil news from Mablethorpe
Of pyrate galleys warping down,
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne;
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring 'The Brides of Enderby'?"

I looked without, and lo! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main;
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
"Elizabeth! Elizabeth!"
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

"The olde sea-wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place."
He shook as one that looks on death:
"God save you, mother!" straight he saith;
"Where is my wife, Elizabeth?"

"Good sonne, where Lindis winds away
With her two bairns I marked her long;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song."
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left,—"Ho, Enderby!"
They rang "The Brides of Enderby"!

With that he cried and beat his breast;
For lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis, backward pressed,
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet:
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by;
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang "Enderby."

They rang the sailor lads to guide,
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed:
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
"O came in life, or come in death!
O lost! my love, Elizabeth."

And didst thou visit him no more?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare!
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas!
To manye more than myne and mee:
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
"Cusha, Cusha, Cusha!" calling,
Ere the early dews be falling;
I shall never hear her song,
"Cusha, Cusha!" all along,

Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more,
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver,
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling,
To the sandy lonesome shore;
I shall never hear her calling,
"Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking-shed."

THE SHEPHERD LADY

(From "Mopsa the Fairy")

I

WHO pipes upon the long green hill,
Where meadow grass is deep?
The white lamb bleats but followeth on—
Follow the clean white sheep.
The dear white lady in yon high tower,
She hearkeneth in her sleep.

All in long grass the piper stands,
  Goodly and grave is he;
Outside the tower, at dawn of day,
  The notes of his pipe ring free.
A thought from his heart doth reach to hers:
  "Come down, O lady! to me."

She lifts her head, she dons her gown:
  Ah! the lady is fair;
She ties the girdle on her waist,
  And binds her flaxen hair,
And down she stealeth, down and down,
  Down the turret stair.

Behold him! With the flock he wons
  Along yon grassy lea.
"My shepherd lord, my shepherd love,
  What wilt thou, then, with me?
My heart is gone out of my breast,
  And followeth on to thee."

II

"The white lambs feed in tender grass;
  With them and thee to bide,
How good it were," she saith at noon;
  "Albeit the meads are wide.
Oh! well is me," she saith when day
  Draws on to eventide.

Hark! hark! the shepherd's voice. Oh, sweet!
  Her tears drop down like rain.
"Take now this crook, my chosen, my fere,
  And tend the flock full fain;
Feed them, O lady, and lose not one,
  Till I shall come again."

Right soft her speech: "My will is thine,
And my reward thy grace!"
Gone are his footsteps over the hill,
Withdrawn his goodly face;
The mournful dusk begins to gather,
The daylight wanes apace.

III

On sunny slopes, ah! long the lady
Feedeth her flock at noon;
She leads it down to drink at eve
Where the small rivulets croon.
All night her locks are wet with dew,
Her eyes outwatch the moon.

Beyond the hills her voice is heard,
She sings when life doth wane:
"My longing heart is full of love,
Nor shall my watch be vain.
My shepherd lord, I see him not,
But he will come again."

SLEEP

(A Woman Speaks)

O SLEEP, we are beholden to thee, sleep,
Thou bearest angels to us in the night,
Saints out of heaven with palms. Seen by thy light
Sorrow is some old tale that goeth not deep;
Love is a pouting child. Once I did sweep
Through space with thee, and, lo, a dazzling sight—
Stars! They came on, I felt their drawing and might;
And some had dark companions. Once (I weep

When I remember that) we sailed the tide,
And found fair isles, where no isles used to bide,
And met there my lost love, who said to me,
That 'twas a long mistake: he had not died.
Sleep, in the world to come how strange 'twill be
Never to want, never to wish for thee!

THE LONG WHITE SEAM

AS I came round the harbor buoy,
The lights began to gleam,
No wave the land-locked water stirred,
The crags were white as cream;
And I marked my love by candle-light
Sewing her long white seam,
It's aye sewing ashore, my dear;
Watch and steer at sea,
It's reef and furl, and haul the line,
Set sail and think of thee.

* * * * * * *

Fair full the lights, the harbor-lights,
That brought me in to thee.
And peace drop down on that low roof
For the sight that I did see,
And the voice, my dear, that rang so clear
And for the love of me.
For O, for O, with brows bent low
By the candle's flickering gleam,
Her wedding-gown it was she wrought,
Sewing the long white seam.

WHEN SPARROWS BUILD

WHEN sparrows build, and the leaves break forth,
My old sorrow wakes and cries,
For I know there is dawn in the far, far north,
And a scarlet sun doth rise;
Like a scarlet fleece the snow-field spreads,
And the icy fount runs free;
And the bergs begin to bow their heads,
And plunge and sail in the sea.

O, my lost love, and my own, own love,
And my love that loved me so!
Is there never a chink in the world above
Where they listen for words from below?
Nay, I spoke once, and I grieved thee sore;
I remembered all that I said;
And now thou wilt hear me no more—no more
Till the sea gives up her dead.

Thou didst set thy foot on the ship, and sail
To the ice-fields and the snow;
Thou wert sad, for thy love did not avail,
And the end I could not know.
How could I tell I should love thee to-day,
Whom that day I held not dear?
How could I tell I should love thee away
When I did not love thee anear?

We shall walk no more through the sodden plain,
With the faded bents o'erspread;
We shall stand no more by the seething main
While the dark wrack drives o'erhead;
We shall part no more in the wind and the rain
Where thy last farewell was said;
But perhaps I shall meet thee and know thee again
When the sea gives up her dead.

SAND MARTINS

I PASSED an inland cliff precipitate;
From tiny caves peeped many a sooty poll;
In each a mother-martin sat elate,
And of the news delivered her small soul.

Fantastic chatter! hasty, glad, and gay,
Whereof the meaning was not ill to tell:
"Gossip, how wags the world with you to-day?"—
"Gossip, the world wags well, the world wags well."

And hearkening, I was sure their little ones
Were in the bird-talk, and discourse was made
Concerning hot sea-bights and tropic suns,
For a clear sultriness the tune conveyed;

And visions of the sky as of a cup
Hailing down light on pagan Pharaoh's sand,
And quivering air-waves trembling up and up,
And blank stone faces marvelously bland.

"When should the young be fledged, and with them hie
Where costly day drops down in crimson light?
(Fortunate countries of the firefly
Swarm with blue diamonds all the sultry night,

"And the immortal moon takes turn with them.)
When should they pass again by that red land,
Where lovely mirage works a broidered hem
To fringe with phantom palms a robe of sand?

"When should they dip their breasts again and play
In slumbrous azure pools clear as the air,
Where rosy-winged flamingoes fish all day,
Stalking amid the lotus blossoms fair?

"Then over podded tamarinds bear their flight,
While cassias blossom in the zone of calms,
And so betake them to a south sea-bight
To gossip in the crowns of cocoa-palms.

"Whose roots are in the spray? Oh, haply there
Some dawn, white-wingèd they might chance to find.
A frigate standing in to make more fair
The loneliness unaltered of mankind.

"A frigate come to water: nuts would fall,
And nimble feet would climb the flower-flushed strand,
While northern talk would ring, and therewithal
The martins would desire the cool north land.

"And all would be as it had been before:
Again at eve there would be news to tell;
Who passed should hear them chant it o'er and o'er,
'Gossip, how wags the world?'—'Well, gossip, well.'"

WASHINGTON IRVING

(G. P. Putnam Sons, Publishers)

Washington Irving, born in New York, 1783, and died at Sunnyside-on-the-Hudson, 1859. His was America's greatest literary name in the earlier half of the Nineteenth Century. He first studied law, but soon turned to literature. His fame was made when in 1809 appeared "A History of New York By Diedrich Knickerbocker"—one of the most successful burlesques in the language. Then followed "The Sketch Book," an assemblage of delightful stories, and pen pictures of historic places, especially in England. The account of Westminster Abbey, and of the English Christmas were very popular in England and did much to give him recognition abroad. The years spent in Great Britain were among the pleasantest of his life. He became a friend of Scott, and his great admiration for the "Wizard of the North" often finds expression in his writings. In 1829 he was appointed secretary to the United States Legation at Madrid. Life in Spain had a peculiar fascination for him; and all the color and romance of Moorish and Spanish romance is found in his "Conquest of Granada," and "The Alhambra." Irving's "Life of Washington" will stand as his greatest historical work.

A MOORISH PALACE

(From "The Alhambra")

THE Alhambra is an ancient fortress or castellated palace of the Moorish kings of Granada, where they held dominion over this their boasted

terrestrial paradise, and made their last stand for empire in Spain. The palace occupies but a portion of the fortress; the walls of which, studded with towers, stretch irregularly round the whole crest of a lofty hill that overlooks the city, and forms a spire of the Sierra Nevada or Snowy Mountain.

In the time of the Moors the fortress was capable of containing an army of forty thousand men within its precincts, and served occasionally as a stronghold of the sovereigns against their rebellious subjects. After the kingdom had passed into the hands of the Christians, the Alhambra continued a royal demesne, and was occasionally inhabited by the Castilian monarchs. The Emperor Charles V. began a sumptuous palace within its walls, but was deterred from completing it by repeated shocks of earthquakes. The last royal residents were Philip V. and his beautiful Queen Elizabetta of Parma, early in the eighteenth century. . . .

Leaving our posada of La Espada, we traversed the renowned square of the Vivarrambla, once the scene of Moorish jousts and tournaments, now a crowded market-place. From thence we proceeded along the Zacatin, the main street of what was the great Bazaar in the time of the Moors, where the small shops and narrow alleys still retain their Oriental character. Crossing an open place in front of the palace of the captain-general, we ascended a confined and winding street, the name of which reminded us of the chivalric days of Granada. It is called the *Calle,* or street, of the Gomeres, from a Moorish family famous in chronicle and song. This street led up to a mansion gateway of Grecian architecture, built by Charles V., forming the entrance to the domains of the Alhambra.

At the gate were two or three ragged and superannuated soldiers dozing on a stone bench, the succes-

sors of the Zegris and the Abencerrages; while a tall meager varlet, whose rusty brown cloak was evidently intended to conceal the ragged state of his nether garments, was lounging in the sunshine, and gossiping with an ancient sentinel on duty. . . .

We now found ourselves in a deep narrow ravine filled with beautiful groves, with a steep avenue and various footpaths winding through it, bordered with stone seats and ornamented with fountains. To our left we beheld the towers of the Alhambra beetling above us; to our right on the opposite side of the ravine we were equally dominated by rival towers on a rocky eminence. These, we were told, were the Torres Vermejos or Vermilion Towers, so called from their ruddy hue. No one knows their origin. They are of a date much anterior to the Alhambra. Some suppose them to have been built by the Romans; others by some wandering colony of Phœnicians. Ascending the steep and shady avenue, we arrived at the foot of a huge square Moorish tower, forming a kind of barbican, through which passed the main entrance to the fortress. Within the barbican was another group of veteran invalids; one mounting guard at the portal, while the rest, wrapped in their tattered cloaks, slept on the stone benches. This portal is called the Gate of Justice, from the tribunal held within its porch during the Moslem denomination, for the immediate trial of petty causes; a custom common to the Oriental nations, and occasionally alluded to in the sacred Scriptures.

The great vestibule or porch of the gate is formed by an immense Arabian arch of the horseshoe form, which springs to half the height of the tower. On the keystone of this arch is engraven a gigantic hand. Within the vestibule, on the keystone of the portal, is engraven in like manner a gigantic key. Those who pretend to some knowledge of Mahometan sym-

bols affirm that the hand is the emblem of doctrine, and the key of faith; the latter, they add, was emblazoned on the standard of the Moslems when they subdued Andalusia, in opposition to the Christian emblem of the cross. . . .

After passing through the barbican we ascended a narrow lane winding between walls, and came on an open esplanade within the fortress, called the Plaza de los Algibes, or Place of the Cisterns, from great reservoirs which undermine it, cut in the living rock by the Moors for the supply of the fortress. Here also is a well of immense depth, furnishing the purest and coldest of water,—another monument of the delicate taste of the Moors, who were indefatigable in their exertions to obtain that element in its crystal purity.

In front of this esplanade is the splendid pile commenced by Charles V., intended it is said to eclipse the residence of the Moslem kings. With all its grandeur and architectural merit, it appeared to us like an arrogant intrusion; and passing by it, we entered a simple unostentatious portal opening into the interior of the Moorish palace.

The transition was almost magical; it seemed as if we were at once transported into other times and another realm, and were treading the scenes of Arabian story. We found ourselves in a great court, paved with white marble and decorated at each end with light Moorish peristyles. It is called the Court of the Alberca. In the center was an immense basin or fish-pool, a hundred and thirty feet in length by thirty in breadth, stocked with gold-fish and bordered by hedges of roses. At the upper end of this court rose the great tower of Comares.

From the lower end we passed through a Moorish archway into the renowned Court of Lions. There is no part of the edifice that gives us a more complete idea of its original beauty and magnificence

than this; for none has suffered so little from the ravages of time. In the center stands the fountain famous in song and story. The alabaster basins still shed their diamond drops, and the twelve lions which support them cast forth their crystal streams as in the days of Boabdil. The court is laid out in flower-beds, and surrounded by light Arabian arcades of open filigree work, supported by slender pillars of white marble. The architecture, like that of all the other parts of the palace, is characterized by elegance rather than grandeur, bespeaking a delicate and graceful taste and a disposition to indolent enjoyment. When we look upon the fairy tracery of the peristyles, and the apparently fragile fretwork of the walls. it is difficult to believe that so much has survived the wear and tear of centuries, the shocks of earthquakes, the violence of war, and the quiet though no less baneful pilferings of the tasteful traveler. It is almost sufficient to excuse the popular tradition that the whole is protected by a magic charm.

On one side of the court, a portal richly adorned opens into a lofty hall paved with white marble, and called the Hall of the Two Sisters. A cupola or lantern admits a tempered light from above, and a free circulation of air. The lower part of the walls is incrusted with beautiful Moorish tiles, on some of which are emblazoned the escutcheons of the Moorish monarchs; the upper part is faced with the fine stucco work invented at Damascus, consisting of large plates cast in molds and artfully joined, so as to have the appearance of having been laboriously sculptured by the hand into light relievos and fanciful arabesques, intermingled with texts of the Koran and poetical inscriptions in Arabian and Celtic characters. These decorations of the walls and cupolas are richly gilded, and the interstices paneled with lapis lazuli and other brilliant and enduring

colors. On each side of the wall are recesses for ottomans and arches. Above an inner porch is a balcony which communicated with the women's apartment. The latticed balconies still remain from whence the dark-eyed beauties of the harem might gaze unseen upon the entertainments of the hall below. . . .

From the Court of Lions we retraced our steps through the Court of the Alberca, or great fish-pool; crossing which we proceeded to the Tower of Comares, so called from the name of the Arabian architect. It is of massive strength and lofty height, domineering over the rest of the edifice, and overhanging the steep hillside which descends abruptly to the banks of the Darro. A Moorish archway admitted us into a vast and lofty hall which occupies the interior of the tower, and was the grand audience chamber of the Moslem monarchs; thence called the Hall of Ambassadors. It still bears the traces of past magnificence. The walls are richly stuccoed, and decorated with arabesques; the vaulted ceilings of cedar-wood, almost lost in obscurity from its height, still gleam with rich gilding and the brilliant tints of the Arabian pencil. On three sides of the saloon are deep windows, cut through the immense thickness of the walls, the balconies of which look down upon the verdant valley of the Darro, the streets and convents of the Albaycin, and command a prospect of the distant Vega. I might go on to describe the other delightful apartments of this side of the palace; the Tocador or toilet of the queen, an open belvedere on the summit of the tower, where the Moorish sultanas enjoyed the pure breezes from the mountain and the prospect of the surrounding paradise; the secluded little patio or garden of Lindaraxa, with its alabaster fountain, its thickets of roses and myrtles, of citrons and oranges; the cool halls and grottos of the baths, where the glare and

heat of day are tempered into a self-mysterious light and a pervading freshness: but I appear to dwell minutely on these scenes. My object is merely to give the reader a general introduction into an abode where, if disposed, he may linger and loiter with me through the remainder of this work, gradually becoming familiar with all its beauties.

An abundant supply of water, brought from the mountains by old Moorish aqueducts, circulates throughout the palace, supplying its baths and fish-pools, sparkling in jets within its halls, or murmuring in channels along the marble pavements. When it has paid its tribute to the royal pile, and visited its gardens and pastures, it flows down the long avenue leading to the city, tinkling in rills, gushing in fountains, and maintaining a perpetual verdure in those groves that embower and beautify the whole hill of the Alhambra. . . .

The peculiar charm of this old dreamy palace is its power of calling up vague reveries and picturings of the past, and thus clothing naked realities with the illusions of the memory and the imagination. As I delight to walk in these "vain shadows," I am prone to seek those parts of the Alhambra which are most favorable to this phantasmagoria of the mind; and none are more so than the Court of Lions and its surrounding halls. Here the hand of time has fallen the lightest, and the traces of Moorish elegance and splendor exist in almost their original brilliancy. Earthquakes have shaken the foundations of this pile, and rent its rudest towers, yet see—not one of those slender columns has been displaced; not an arch of that light and fragile colonnade has given way; and all the fairy fretwork of these domes, apparently as unsubstantial as the crystal fabrics of a morning's frost, yet exist after the lapse of centuries, almost as fresh as if from the hand of the Moslem artist.

I write in the midst of these mementos of the past, in the fresh hour of early morning, in the fated hall of the Abencerrages. The blood-stained fountain, the legendary monument of their massacre, is before me; the lofty jet almost casts its dew upon my paper. How difficult to reconcile the ancient tale of violence and blood with the gentle and peaceful scene around. Everything here appears calculated to inspire kind and happy feelings, for everything is delicate and beautiful. The very light falls tenderly from above through the lantern of a dome tinted and wrought as if by fairy hands. Through the ample and fretted arch of the portal I behold the Court of Lions, with brilliant sunshine gleaming along its colonnades and sparkling in its fountains. The lively swallow dives into the court, and then, surging upwards, darts away twittering over the roof; the busy bee toils humming among the flowerbeds, and painted butterflies hover from plant to plant, and flutter up and sport with each other in the sunny air. It needs but a slight exertion of the fancy to picture some pensive beauty of the harem, loitering in these secluded haunts of Oriental luxury.

He however who would behold this scene under an aspect more in unison with its fortunes, let him come when the shadows of evening temper the brightness of the court, and throw a gloom into the surrounding halls; then nothing can be more serenely melancholy, or more in harmony with the tale of departed grandeur.

At such times I am apt to seek the Hall of Justice, whose deep shadowy arcades extend across the upper end of the court. Here were performed, in presence of Ferdinand and Isabella and their triumphant court, the pompous ceremonies of high mass on taking possession of the Alhambra. The very cross is still to be seen upon the wall where the altar

was erected, and where officiated the grand cardinal of Spain and others of the highest religious dignitaries of the land.

I picture to myself the scene when this place was filled with the conquering host,—the mixture of mitered prelate, and shorn monk, and steel-clad knight, and silken courtier; when crosses and crosiers and religious standards were mingled with proud armorial ensigns and the banners of the haughty chiefs of Spain, and flaunted in triumph through these Moslem halls. I picture to myself Columbus, the future discoverer of a world, taking his modest stand in a remote corner, the humble and neglected spectator of the pageant. I see in imagination the Catholic sovereigns prostrating themselves before the altar and pouring forth thanks for their victory, while the vaults resound with sacred minstrelsy and the deep-toned Te Deum.

The transient illusion is over; the pageant melts from the fancy; monarch, priest, and warrior return into oblivion with the poor Moslems over whom they exulted. The hall of their triumph is waste and desolate. The bat flits about its twilight vaults, and the owl hoots from the neighboring tower of Comares.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

(From the "Sketch Book")

TO a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let

kingdoms rise and fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his scepter, and the little parlor of some twelve feet square his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakespeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamed all night of Shakespeare, and Jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakespeare

was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool combing. It is a small, mean looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakespeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross, of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakespeare's chair. It stands in the chimney-nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit, with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the crones and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this

chair it is the custom of every one who visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard, I am at a loss to say; I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney-corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am very willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travelers who travel for their gratification to do the same. What is it to us whether these stories be true or false so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, unluckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birth-place of Shakespeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, moldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and

retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of lines, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room, with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's grand-

daughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who I found had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakespears's writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters, on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakespeare's mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakespeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable and inexhaustible collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakespeare having been born in her

house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels, even at the fountain-head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakespeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds:

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare
> To dig the dust inclosed here.
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakespeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead;

and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor!

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with the remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakespeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe, of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on any thing that is not connected with Shakespeare. His idea pervades the place—the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum.

The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence; other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were moldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard I plucked a branch from one of the yew-trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakespeare, in company with some of the roisters of Stratford, committed his youthful offense of deer-stealing. In this hair-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the Knight so incensed him that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakespeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a Knight of the Shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theaters; then an actor; and finally wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber and the world gained an

immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original of Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the Justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the Knight, had white luces in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakespeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularily of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself, it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakespeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd and anomalous characters; that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins at mention of whom old men shake their heads and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.

The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy

family, and are peculiarly interesting from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood at little more than three miles' distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakespeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snowdrop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropped lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakespeare's exquisite little song in "Cymbeline":

> Hark! hark! the lark at heav'n's gate sings,
> And Phœbus 'gins arise,
> His steeds to water at those springs,
> On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet, arise!

Indeed, the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakespeare. Every old cottage that I saw I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fanciful doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley: sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, while all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles I turned off into a foot-path which led along the borders of fields and under hedge-rows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates in which every one has a kind of property—at least as far as the foot-path is con-

cerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely and lolls as luxuriously under the shade as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks."

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakespeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jacques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As you like it." It is in

lonely wanderings through such scenes that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary.

Under the green-wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird's note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of court-yard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of outpost and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament instead of defense. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial

bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders, and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

Falstaff. You have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shallow. Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John:—marry, good air.

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakespeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the court-yard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat, stealing with wary look and stealthy pace toward the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the

every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakespeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the court-yard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white luces* by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offenses of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum.*

Slender. Ay, and *ratalorum* too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

Shallow. Ay, that I do, and have done any time these three hundred years.

Slender. All his successors gone before him have done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white luces* in their coat.

Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

Shallow. Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second; the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakespeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost have not been entirely regained by the family, even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakespeare's

lifetime. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-colored beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow;—all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery—so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country 'Squire of former days was wont to sway the scepter of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state, when the recreant Shakespeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-oated serving men with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chop-fallen, in the custody of game-keepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors;

while from the gallery the fair daughters of the Knight leaned gracefully forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity, "that dwells in womanhood."—Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country 'Squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes; the theme of all tongues and ages; the dictator to the human mind; and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the Justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippin of his own graffing, with a dish of carraways;" but I had already spent so much of the day in my rambling, that I was obliged to give up any farther investigations. When about to take my leave, I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment—an instance of good old hospitality which I grieve to say we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakespeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff.

By cock and pye, Sir, you shall not away to-night * * * *. I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused * * * *. Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell "William Cook."

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with

it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

> 'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
> And welcome merry Shrove-tide!

On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairyland. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakespeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscapes through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak; had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the August Justice Shallow down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions, who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my checkered path, and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church

in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an overwrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor, among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon towering amid the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

THE STAGE-COACH

(From "Bracebridge Hall")

IN the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked schoolboys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays, in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of pleasure of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of the anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters, by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take—there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity

presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the whole world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the buttonhole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business; but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untraveled readers to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeling into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat, a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer time a large bouquet of flowers in his buttonhole, the present, most probably, of some enamored country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his smallclothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excel-

lent materials, and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive them from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust in the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo coachey.

Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten forth to meet friends; some with bundles and band-boxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the mo-

ment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the meantime, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute; sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces, and blooming, giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty specter in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphurous glooms of the smithy.

Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers, butchers and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly with their bright red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations. "Now capons and hens be-

sides turkeys, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton—must all die—for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pair of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little traveling companions. They had been looking out of the coach windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer, who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the

others holding John's hands; both talking at once and overpowering him with questions about home and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterward to water the horses, and on resuming our route a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John, trooping along the carriage road. I leaned out of the coach window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw, on one side, the light of a rousing kitchen fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travelers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were

hurrying backward and forward, under the directions of a fresh bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word and have a rallying laugh with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of mid-winter:

> Now trees their leafy hats do bare
> To reverence Winter's silver hair;
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale and now a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal fire,
> Are things this season doth require.

I had not been long at the inn when a post-chaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stepped out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly good-humored young fellow, with whom I had once traveled on the continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveler always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country-seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay at a few miles' distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he, "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome, in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed,

therefore, at once, with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

HOW THE SOVEREIGNS OF CASTILE TOOK POSSESSION OF GRANADA

(From "The Conquest of Granada")

WHEN the Castilian sovereigns had received the keys of Granada from the hands of Boabdil el Chico, the royal army resumed its triumphant march. As it approached the gates of the city, all in the pomp of courtly and chivalrous array, a procession of a different kind came forth to meet it. This was composed of more than five hundred Christian captives, many of whom had languished for years in Moorish dungeons. Pale and emaciated, they came clanking their chains in triumph, and shedding tears of joy. They were received with tendernes by the sovereigns. The King hailed them as good Spaniards, as men loyal and brave, as martyrs to the holy cause; the Queen distributed liberal relief among them with her own hands, and they passed on before the squadrons of the army singing hymns of jubilee.

The sovereigns did not enter the city on this day of its surrender, but waited until it should be fully occupied by their troops, and public tranquility insured. The Marques de Villena and the Count de Tendilla, with three thousand cavalry and as many infantry, marched in and took possession, accompanied by the proselyte prince Cidi Yahye, now known by the Christian appellation of Don Pedro de Granada, who was appointed chief alguazil of the city, and had charge of the Moorish inhabitants, and by his son, the late Prince Alnayar, now Don

Alonzo de Granada, who was appointed admiral of the fleets. In a little while every battlement glistened with Christian helms and lances, the standard of the faith and of the realm floated from every tower, and the thundering salvos of the ordnance told that the subjugation of the city was complete. The grandees and cavaliers now knelt and kissed the hands of the King and Queen and Prince John, and congratulated them on the acquisition of so great a kingdom; after which the royal procession returned in state to Santa Fé.

It was on the sixth of January, the Day of Kings and the festival of the Epiphany, that the sovereigns made their triumphal entry. The King and Queen (says the worthy Fray Antonio Agapida) looked, on this occasion, as more than mortal; the venerable ecclesiastics, to whose advice and zeal this glorious conquest ought in a great measure to be attributed, moved along with hearts swelling with holy exultation, but with chastened and downcast looks of edifying humility; while the hardy warriors, in tossing plumes and shining steel, seemed elevated with a stern joy at finding themselves in possession of this object of so many toils and perils. As the streets resounded with the tramp of steeds and swelling peals of music, the Moors buried themselves in the deepest recesses of their dwellings. There they bewailed in secret the fallen glory of their race, but suppressed their groans, lest they should be heard by their enemies and increase their triumph.

The royal procession advanced to the principal mosque, which had been consecrated as a cathedral. Here the sovereigns offered up prayers and thanksgivings, and the choir of the royal chapel chanted a triumphant anthem, in which they were joined by all the courtiers and cavaliers. Nothing (says Fray Antonio Agapida) could exceed the thankfulness

to God of the pious King Ferdinand for having enabled him to eradicate from Spain the empire and name of that accursed heathen race, and for the elevation of the cross in that city wherein the impious doctrines of Mohammed had so long been cherished. In the fervor of his spirit, he supplicated from heaven a continuance of its grace, and that this glorious triumph might be perpetuated. The prayer of the pious monarch was responded to by the people, and even his enemies were for once convinced of his sincerity.

When the religious ceremonies were concluded, the court ascended to the stately palace of the Alhambra, and entered by the great Gate of Justice. The halls lately occupied by turbaned infidels now rustled with stately dames and Christian courtiers, who wandered with eager curiosity over this far-famed palace, admiring its verdant courts and gushing fountains, its halls decorated with elegant arabesques and storied with inscriptions, and the splendor of its gilded and brilliantly painted ceilings.

It had been a last request of the unfortunate Boabdil—and one which showed how deeply he felt the transition of his fate—that no person might be permitted to enter or depart by the gate of the Alhambra through which he had sallied forth to surrender his capital. His request was granted; the portal was closed up, and remains so to the present day—a mute memorial of that event. The Spanish sovereigns fixed their throne in the presence-chamber of the palace, so long the seat of the Moorish royalty. Hither the principal inhabitants of Granada repaired to pay them homage and kiss their hands in token of vassalage; and their example was followed by deputies from all the towns and fortresses of the Alpuxarras, which had not hitherto submitted.

Thus terminated the war of Granada, after ten

years of incessant fighting; equalling (says Fray Antonio Agapida) the far-famed siege of Troy in duration, and ending, like that, in the capture of the city. Thus ended also the dominion of the Moors in Spain, having endured seven hundred and seventy-eight years from the memorable defeat of Roderick, the last of the Goths, on the banks of the Guadalete. The authentic Agapida is uncommonly particular in fixing the epoch of this event. This great triumph of the holy Catholic faith, according to his computation, took place in the beginning of January in the year of our Lord 1492, being 3,655 years from the population of Spain by the patriarch, Tubal; 3,797 from the general deluge; 5,453 from the creation of the world, according to Hebrew calculation; and in the month Rabic, in the eight hundred and ninety-seventh year of the Hegira, or flight of Mohammed; whom may God confound! saith the pious Agapida.

PRIMITIVE HABITS IN NEW AMSTERDAM

(From "A History of New York")

IN those happy days a well-regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sun-down. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable symptoms of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbor on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquetings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse, that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own

wagons. The company commonly assembled at three o'clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated around the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in lanching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, excepting in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delft tea-pot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses tending pigs—with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup—and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum, until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient which is still kept up by some families in Albany; but which

prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coqueting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits and monkey divertisements of smart young gentlemen with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips, excepting to say *yaw Mynher,* or *yah yah Vrouw,* to any question that was asked them; behaving in all things like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen, each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage; Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet; and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale, like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles Nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a wagon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present—if our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great

want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

(From "The Sketch Book")

THE stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character, must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humors.

In some countries, the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gaiety and dissipation, and having indulged this carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighborhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into

rural habits, and evince a turn for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business and the success of his commercial enterprises. Even those less fortunate individuals, who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavorable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business, or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling, in this huge metropolis: he has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted to the morning. An immense metropolis like London is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings, they can but deal briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character—its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of

town; throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect around him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraint. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms, which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive glances, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage. The solemn pomp of groves and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing. The brook, taught to wind in the most natural meanderings, or expand into a glassy lake—the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dark with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand; and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water; all these are managed with a delicate tact, a prevailing yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providentially planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside; all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

The fondness for rural life among the higher

classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion, which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners, which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favorably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms, has established a regular gradation from the nobleman, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the laboring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly: the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the

purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders of rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is glad to wave the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together, and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life: those incomparable descriptions of nature which abound in the British poets, that have continued down from 'The Flower and the Leaf' of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid Nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her—they have wooed her in her most secret haunts—they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze —a leaf could not rustle to the ground—a diamond drop could not patter in the stream—a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate ob-

servers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is level, and would be monotonous were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farmhouse and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages, of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plow the same fields and kneel at the same altar. The parsonage, a quaint irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the taste of various ages and occupants—the stile and footpath leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorable right of way—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race

have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene; all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, an hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

It is a pleasing sight on a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces, and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

SUNDAY IN AN INN

(From "Bracebridge Hall")

IT was a rainy Sunday in the gloomy month of November. I had been detained in the course of a journey by a slight indisposition, from which I was recovering; but I was still feverish, and was obliged to keep within doors all day, in an inn of the small town of Derby. A wet Sunday in a country inn! whoever has had the luck to experience one, can alone judge of my situation. The rain pattered against the casements, the bells tolled for church with a melancholy sound. I went to the windows in quest of something to amuse the eye, but it seemed as if I had been placed completely out of the reach of all amusement. The windows of my bedroom looked out among tiled roofs and stacks of chimneys, while those of my sitting-room commanded a full view of the stable-yard. I know of

nothing more calculated to make a man sick of this world than a stable-yard on a rainy day. The place was littered with wet straw that had been kicked about by travelers and stable-boys. In one corner was a stagnant pool of water surrounding an island of muck; there were several half-drowned fowls crowded together under a cart, among which was a miserable crestfallen cock, drenched out of all life and spirit, his drooping tail matted, as it were, into a single feather, along which the water trickled from his back; near the cart was a half-dozing cow, chewing the cud, and standing patiently to be rained on, with wreaths of vapor rising from her reeking hide; a wall-eyed horse, tired of the loneliness of the stable, was poking his spectral head out of a window, with the rain dripping on it from the eaves; an unhappy cur, chained to a dog-house hard by, uttered something every now and then between a bark and a yelp; a drab of a kitchen wench tramped backwards and forwards through the yards in pattens, looking as sulky as the weather itself; everything, in short, was comfortless and forlorn, excepting a crew of hard-drinking ducks, assembled like boon companions round a puddle, and making a riotous noise over their liquor.

I sauntered to the window, and stood gazing at the people picking their way to church, with petticoats hoisted mid-leg high, and dripping umbrellas. The bells ceased to toll, and the streets became silent. I then amused myself with watching the daughters of a tradesman opposite, who, being confined to the house for fear of wetting their Sunday finery, played off their charms at the front windows, to fascinate the chance tenants of the inn. They at length were summoned away by a vigilant vinegar-faced mother, and I had nothing further without to amuse me.

The day continued lowering and gloomy; the slov-

enly, ragged spongy clouds drifted heavily along; there was no variety even in the rain: it was one dull, continued, monotonous patter, patter, patter, excepting that now and then I was enlivened by the idea of a brisk shower, from the rattling of the drops upon a passing umbrella. It was quite refreshing (if I may be allowed a hackneyed phrase of the day) when in the course of the morning a horn blew, and a stage-coach whirled through the street with outside passengers stuck all over it, cowering under cotton umbrellas, and seethed together, and reeking with the steams of wet box-coats and upper Benjamins. The sound brought out from their lurking-places a crew of vagabond boys and vagabond dogs, and the carroty-headed hostler, and that nondescript animal yclept Boots, and all the other vagabond race that infest the purlieus of an inn; but the bustle was transient: the coach again whirled on its way; and boy and dog, and hostler and Boots, all slunk back again to their holes; the street again became silent, and the rain continued to rain on.

The evening gradually wore away. The travelers read the papers two or three times over. Some drew round the fire, and told long stories about their horses, about their adventures, their overturns and breakings-down. They discussed the credits of different merchants and different inns, and the two wags told several choice anecdotes of pretty chambermaids and kind landladies. All this passed as they were quietly taking what they called their nightcaps; that is to say, strong glasses of brandy and water or sugar, or some other mixture of the kind; after which they one after another rang for Boots and the chambermaid, and walked off to bed in old shoes cut down into marvellously uncomfortable slippers. There was only one man left,—a short-legged, long-bodied plethoric fellow, with a

very large sandy head. He sat by himself with a glass of port wine negus and a spoon, sipping and stirring, and meditating and sipping, until nothing was left but the spoon. He gradually fell asleep bolt upright in his chair, with the empty glass standing before him; and the candle seemed to fall asleep too, for the wick grew long and black, and cabbaged at the end, and dimmed the little light that remained in the chamber. The gloom that now prevailed was contagious. Around hung the shapeless and almost spectral box-coats of departed travelers, long since buried in deep sleep. I only heard the ticking of the clock, with the deep-drawn breathings of the sleeping toper, and the drippings of the rain—drop, drop, drop—from the eaves of the house.

LAST INTERVIEW WITH SCOTT

IT was at Sunnyside, on a glorious afternoon in June, 1855, that surrounded by scenery which Irving has best described, he narrated to me (St. Austin Allibone) the following account of his last interview with Scott:

"I was in London when Scott arrived after his attack of paralysis, on his way to the continent in search of health. I received a note from Lockhart, begging me to come and take dinner with Scott and himself the next day. When I entered the room, Scott grasped my hand, and looked me steadfastly in the face. 'Time has dealt gently with you, my friend, since we parted,' he exclaimed:—he referred to the difference in himself since we had met. At dinner, I could see that Scott's mind was failing. He was painfully conscious of it himself. He would talk with much animation, and we would listen with the most respectful attention; but there

was an effort and an embarrassment in his manner: he knew all was not right. It was very distressing, and we [Irving, Lockhart, and Anne Scott] tried to keep up the conversation between ourselves, that Sir Walter might talk as little as possible. After dinner he took my arm to walk upstairs, which he did with difficulty. He turned and looked in my face, and said, 'They need not tell a man his mind is not affected when his body is as much impaired as mine.' This was my last interview with Scott. I heard afterwards that he was better; but I never saw him again."

THE ADMIRABLE EXPLOITS OF PETER THE HEADSTRONG

(From "A History of New York")

NOW had the Dutchmen snatched a huge repast," and finding themselves wonderfully encouraged and animated thereby, prepared to take the field. Expectation, says the writer of the Stuyvesant manuscript—Expectation now stood on stilts. The world forgot to turn round, or rather stood still, that it might witness the affray; like a fat, round-bellied alderman, watching the combat of two chivalric flies upon his jerkin. The eyes of all mankind, as usual in such cases, were turned upon Fort Christina. The sun, like a little man in a crowd at a puppet-show, scampered about the heavens, popping his head here and there, and endeavoring to get a peep between the unmannerly clouds that obtruded themselves in his way. The historians filled their ink-horns—the poets went without their dinners, either that they might buy paper and goose-quills, or because they could not get anything to eat—antiquity scowled sulkily out of its grave, to see itself outdone—while even posterity stood mute,

gazing in gaping ecstasy of retrospection on the eventful field.

The immortal deities, who whilom had seen service at the "affair" of Troy—now mounted their feather-bed clouds, and sailed over the plain or mingled among the combatants in different disguises, all itching to have a finger in the pie. Jupiter sent off his thunderbolt to a noted coppersmith, to have it furbished up for the direful occasion. Venus swore by her chastity she'd patronize the Swedes, and in semblance of a blear-eyed trull, paraded the battlements of Fort Christina, accompanied by Diana as a sergeant's widow, of cracked reputation.—The noted bully, Mars, stuck two horse-pistols into his belt, shouldered a rusty firelock, and gallantly swaggered at their elbow as a drunken corporal—while Apollo trudged in their rear as a bandy-legged fifer, playing most villainously out of tune.

On the other side, the ox-eyed Juno, who had gained a pair of black eyes overnight, in one of her curtain lectures with old Jupiter, displayed her haughty beauties on a baggage-wagon—Minerva, as a brawny gin sutler, tucked up her skirts, brandished her fists, and swore most heroically in exceeding bad Dutch (having but lately studied the language), by way of keeping up the spirits of the soldiers; while Vulcan halted as a club-footed blacksmith, lately promoted to be a captain of militia. All was silent horror, or bustling preparation; war reared his horrid front, gnashed loud his iron fangs, and shook his direful crest of bristling bayonets.

And now the mighty chieftain marshaled out their hosts. Here stood stout Risingh, firm as a thousand rocks—incrusted with stockades and entrenched to the chin in mud batteries. His valiant soldiery lined the breastwork in grim array, each having his mustachios fiercely greased, and his hair

pomatumed back and queued so stiffly that he grinned above the ramparts like a grizzly death's head.

There came on the intrepid Peter—his brows knit, his teeth set, his fists clenched, almost breathing forth volumes of smoke, so fierce was the fire that raged within his bosom. His faithful 'squire, Van Corlear, trudged valiantly at his heels, with his trumpet gorgeously bedecked with red and yellow ribands, the remembrances of his fair mistresses at the Manhattoes. Then came waddling on the sturdy chivalry of the Hudson. There were the Van Wycks, and the Van Dycks, and the Ten Eycks—the Van Nesses, the Van Tassels, the Van Grolls, the Van Hœsens, the Van Giesons, and the Van Blarcoms—the Van Warts, the Van Winkles, the Van Dams, the Van Pelts, the Van Rippers, and the Van Brunts.—There were the Van Hornes, the Van Hooks, the Van Bunschotens; the Van Gelders, the Van Arsdales, and the Van Bummels—the Vander Belts, the Vander Hoofs, the Vander Voorts, the Vander Lyns, the Vander Pools, and the Vander Spiegels.—There came the Hoffmans, the Hooghlands, the Hoppers, the Cloppers, the Ryckmans, the Dyckmans, the Hogebooms, the Rosebooms, the Oothouts, the Quackenbosses, the Roerbacks, the Garrebrantzs, the Bensons, the Brouwers, the Waldrons, the Onderdonks, the Varra Vangers, the Schermerhornes, the Stoutenburghs, the Brinkerhoffs, the Bontecous, the Knickerbockers, the Hockstrassers, the Ten Breecheses, and the Tough Breecheses, with a host more of worthies, whose names are too crabbed to be written, or if they could be written, it would be impossible for man to utter—all fortified with a mighty dinner, and to use the words of a great Dutch poet,

"Brimful of wrath and cabbage!"

For an instant the mighty Peter paused in the midst of his career, and mounting on a stump, addressed his troops in eloquent Low Dutch, exhorting them to fight like *duyvels,* and assuring them that if they conquered, they should get plenty of booty—if they fell, they should be allowed the unparalleled satisfaction, while dying, or reflecting that it was in the service of their country—and after they were dead, of seeing their names inscribed in the temple of renown, and handed down, in company with all the other great men of the year, for the admiration of posterity.—Finally, he swore to them, on the word of a governor (and they knew him too well to doubt it for a moment), that if he caught any mother's son of them looking pale, or playing craven, he'd curry his hide till he made him run out of it like a snake in spring-time.—Then lugging out his trusty saber, he brandished it three times over his head, and ordered Van Corlear to sound a tremendous charge, and shouting the words, "St. Nicholas and the Manhattoes!" courageously dashed forwards. His warlike followers, who had employed the interval in lighting their pipes, instantly stuck them in their mouths, gave a furious puff, and charged gallantly, under cover of the smoke.

The Swedish garrison, ordered by the cunning Risingh not to fire until they could distinguish the whites of their assailants' eyes, stood in horrid silence on the covert-way, until the eager Dutchmen had ascended the glacis. Then did they pour into them such a tremendous volley, that the very hills quaked around, and were terrified even unto an incontinence of water, insomuch that certain springs burst forth from their sides, which continue to run unto the present day. Not a Dutchman but would have bitten the dust, beneath that dreadful fire, had not the protecting Minerva kindly taken

care that the Swedes should, one and all, observe their usual custom, of shutting their eyes and turning away their heads, at the moment of discharge.

The Swedes followed up their fire by leaping the counterscarp, and falling tooth and nail upon the foe, with furious outcries. And now might be seen prodigies of valor, of which neither history nor song has ever recorded a parallel. Here was beheld the sturdy Stoffel Brinkerhoff, brandishing his lusty quarter-staff, like the terrible giant Blanderon his oak tree (for he scorned to carry any other weapon), and drumming a horrible tune upon the heads of whole squadrons of Swedes. There were the crafty Van Kortlandts, posted at a distance, like the Locrian archers of yore, and plying it most potently with the long bow, for which they were so justly renowned. At another place were collected on a rising knoll the valiant men of Sing-Sing, who assisted marvelously in the fight, by chanting forth the great song of St. Nicholas; but as to the Gardeniers of Hudson, they were absent from the battle, having been sent out on a marauding party, to lay waste the neighboring water-melon patches. In a different part of the field might be seen the Van Grolls of Antony's Nose; but they were horribly perplexed in a defile between two little hills, by reason of the length of their noses. There were the Van Bunschotens of Nyack and Kakiat, so renowned for kicking with the left foot, but their skill availed them little at present, being short of wind in consequence of the hearty dinner they had eaten, and they would irretrievably have been put to rout, had they not been reinforced by a gallant corps of *Voltigeures,* composed of the Hoppers, who advanced to their assistance nimbly on one foot. Nor must I omit to mention the incomparable achievements of Antony Van Corlear, who, for a good quarter of an hour, waged stubborn

fight with a little, pursy Swedish drummer, whose hide he drummed most magnificently; and had he not come into the battle with no other weapon but his trumpet, would infallibly have put him to an untimely end.

But now the combat thickened—on came the mighty Jacobus Varra Vanger, and the fighting men of the Wallabout; after them thundered the Van Pelts of Esopus, together with the Van Rippers and the Van Brunts, bearing down all before them—then the Suy Dams and the Van Dams, pressing forward with many a blustering oath, at the head of the warriors of Hell-Gate, clad in their thunder and lightning gaberdines; and lastly, the standard-bearers and body-guards of Peter Stuyvesant, bearing the great beaver of the Manhattoes.

And now commenced the horrid din, the desperate struggle, the maddening ferocity, the frantic desperation, the confusion and self-abandonment of war. Dutchmen and Swede commingled, tugged, panted, and blowed. The heavens were darkened with a tempest of missives. Bang! went the guns—whack! struck the broad-swords—thump! went the cudgels—crash! went the musket stocks—blows—kicks—cuffs—scratches—black eyes and bloody noses, swelling the horrors of the scene! Thick-thwack, cut and hack, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy, hurly-burly, head over heels, rough and tumble!—Dunder and blixum! swore the Dutchmen—splitter and splutter! cried the Swedes.—Storm the works! shouted Hardkoppig Peter—fire the mine! roared stout Risingh—Tanta-ra-ra-ra! twanged the trumpet of Antony Van Corlear—until all voice and sound became unintelligible—grunts of pain, yells of fury, and shouts of triumph commingling in one hideous clamor. The earth shook as if struck with a paralytic stroke—trees shrunk aghast, and withered at the sight—rocks burrowed in the ground

like rabbits, and even Christina creek turned from its course, and ran up a mountain in breathless terror!

Long hung the contest doubtful; for, though a heavy shower of rain, sent by the "cloud-compelling Jove," in some measure cooled their ardor, as doth a bucket of water thrown on a group of fighting mastiffs, yet did they but pause for a moment, to return with tenfold fury to the charge, belaboring each other with black and bloody bruises. Just at this juncture was seen a vast and dense column of smoke, slowly rolling towards the scene of battle, which for a while made even the furious combatants to stay their arms in mute astonishment—but the wind for a moment dispersing the murky cloud, from the midst thereof emerged the flaunting banner of the immortal Michael Paw. This noble chieftain came fearlessly on, leading a solid phalanx of oyster-fed Pavonians, who had remained behind, partly as a *corps de reserve,* and partly to digest the enormous dinner they had eaten. These sturdy yeomen, nothing daunted, did trudge manfully forward, smoking their pipes with outrageous vigor, so as to raise the awful cloud that has been mentioned; but marching exceedingly slow, being short of leg, and of great rotundity in the belt.

And now the protecting deities of the army of New Amsterdam, having unthinkingly left the field and stepped into a neighboring tavern to refresh themselves with a pot of beer, a direful catastrophe had well-nigh chanced to befall the Nederlanders. Scarcely had the myrmidons of the puissant Paw attained the front of battle, before the Swedes, instructed by the cunning Risingh, levelled a shower of blows full at their tobacco-pipes. Astounded at this unexpected assault, and totally discomfited at seeing their pipes broken, the valiant Dutchmen fell in vast confusion—already they begin to fly—like a

frightened drove of unwieldy elephants they throw their own army in an uproar, bearing down a whole legion of little Hoppers—the sacred banner, on which is blazoned the gigantic oyster of Communipaw, is trampled in the dirt—the Swedes pluck up new spirits, and pressing on their rear, apply their feet a *parte poste,* with a vigor that prodigiously accelerates their motions—nor doth the renowned Paw himself fail to receive divers grievous and dishonorable visitations of shoe-leather!

But what, oh muse? was the rage of the gallant Peter, when from afar he saw his army yield? With a voice of thunder did he roar after his recreant warriors. The men of the Manhattoes plucked up new courage when they heard their leader—or rather they dreaded his fierce displeasure, of which they stood in more awe than of all the Swedes in Christendom—but the daring Peter, not waiting for their aid, plunged, sword in hand, into the thickest of the foe. Then did he display some such incredible achievements as have never been known since the miraculous days of the giants. Wherever he went, the enemy shrunk before him—with fierce impetuosity he pushed forward, driving the Swedes, like dogs, into their own ditch—but as he fearlessly advanced, the foe thronged in his rear, and hung upon his flank with fearful peril. One crafty Swede, advancing warily on one side, drove his dastard sword full at the hero's heart; but the protecting power that watches over the safety of all great and good men, turned aside the hostile blade, and directed it to a side pocket, where reposed an enormous iron tobacco-box, endowed, like the shield of Achilles, with supernatural powers—no doubt in consequence of its being piously decorated with a portrait of the blessed St. Nicholas. Thus was the dreadful blow repelled, but not without occasioning to the great Peter a fearful loss of wind.

Like as a furious bear, when gored by curs, turns fiercely round, gnashes his teeth, and springs upon the foe, so did our hero turn upon the treacherous Swede. The miserable varlet sought in flight for safety—but the active Peter, seizing him by an immeasurable queue, that dangled from his head—"Ah, whoreson caterpillar!" roared he, "here is what shall make dog's meat of thee!" So saying, he whirled his trusty sword, and made a blow that would have decapitated him, but that the pitying steel struck short, and shaved the queue for ever from his crown. At this very moment a cunning arquebusier, perched on the summit of a neighboring mound, leveled his deadly instrument, and would have sent the gallant Stuyvesant a wailing ghost to haunt the Stygian shore, had not the watchful Minerva, who had just stopped to tie up her garter, seen the great peril of her favorite chief, and despatched old Boreas with his bellows; who, in the very nick of time, just as the match descended to the pan, gave such a lucky blast, as blew all the priming from the touch-hole!

Thus waged the horrid fight—when the stout Risingh, surveying the battle from the top of a little ravelin, perceived his faithful troops banged, beaten, and kicked by the invincible Peter. Language cannot describe the choler with which he was seized at the sight—he only stopped for a moment to disburthen himself of five thousand anathemas; and then, drawing his immeasurable falchion, straddled down to the field of combat, with some such thundering strides as Jupiter is said by Hesiod to have taken when he strode down the spheres, to hurl his thunderbolts at the Titans.

No sooner did these two rival heroes come face to face, then they each made a prodigious start, such as is made by your most experienced stage champions. Then did they regard each other for a

moment, with bitter aspect, like two furious ram-cats, on the very point of a clapper-clawing. Then did they throw themselves in one attitude, then in another, striking their swords on the ground, first on the right side, then on the left—at last, at it they went with incredible ferocity. Words cannot tell the prodigies of strength and valor displayed in this direful encounter—an encounter, compared to which the far-famed battle of Ajax with Hector, of Eneas with Turnus, Orlando with Rodomont, Guy of Warwick with Colbrand the Dane, or that renowned Welsh knight, Sir Owen of the Mountains with the giant Guylon, were all gentle sports and holiday recreations. At length the valiant Peter, watching his opportunity, aimed a fearful blow, with the full intention of cleaving his adversary to the very chine; but Risingh, nimbly raising his sword, warded it off so narrowly, that glancing on one side, it shaved away a huge canteen that he always carried swung on one side; thence pursuing its trenchant course, it severed off a deep coat-pocket, stored with bread and cheese—all which dainties rolling among the armies, occasioned a fearful scrambling between the Swedes and Dutchmen, and made the general battle to wax ten times more furious than ever.

Enraged to see his military stores thus wofully laid waste, the stout Risingh, collecting all his forces, aimed a mighty blow full at the hero's crest. In vain did his fierce little cocked hat oppose its course; the biting steel clove through the stubborn ram-beaver, and would infallibly have cracked his crown, but that the skull was of such adamantine hardness, that the brittle weapon shivered into pieces, shedding a thousand sparks, like beams of glory, round his grizzly visage.

Stunned with the blow, the valiant Peter reeled, turned up his eyes, and beheld fifty thousand suns,

besides moons and stars, dancing about the firmament—at length, missing his footing, by reason of his wooden leg, down he came, on his seat of honor, with a crash that shook the surrounding hills, and would infallibly have wrecked his anatomical system had he not been received into a cushion softer than velvet, which Providence, or Minerva, or St. Nicholas, or some kindly cow, had benevolently prepared for his reception.

The furious Risingh, in despite of that noble maxim, cherished by all true knights, that "fair play is a jewel," hastened to take advantage of the hero's fall; but just as he was stooping to give the fatal blow, the ever-vigilant Peter bestowed him a sturdy thwack over the sconce with his wooden leg, that set some dozen chimes of bells ringing triple bob-majors in his cerebellum. The bewildered Swede staggered with the blow, and in the meantime the wary Peter, espying a pocket-pistol lying hard by (which had dropped from the wallet of his faithful 'squire and trumpeter, Van Corlear, during his furious encounter with the drummer), discharged it full at the head of the reeling Risingh.—Let not my reader mistake—it was not a murderous weapon loaded with powder and ball, but a little sturdy stone bottle, charged to the muzzle with a double dram of true Dutch courage, which the knowing Van Corlear always carried about him by way of replenishing his valor. The hideous missive sung through the air, and true to its course, as was the mighty fragment of a rock discharged at Hector by bully Ajax, encountered the huge head of the gigantic Swede with matchless violence.

This heaven-directed blow decided the eventful battle. The ponderous pericreniu.. of General Jan Risingh sunk upon his breast; his knees tottered under him; a deathlike torpor seized upon his giant frame, and he tumbled to the earth with such tre-

mendous violence, that old Pluto started with affright, lest he should have broken through the roof of his infernal palace.

His fall was the signal of defeat and victory.—The Swedes gave way—the Dutch pressed forward; the former took to their heels, the latter hotly pursued—some entered with them, pell-mell, through the sally-port—others stormed the bastion, and others scrambled over the curtain. Thus, in a little while, the impregnable fortress of Fort Christina, which like another Troy had stood a siege of full ten hours, was finally carried by assault, without the loss of a single man on either side. Victory, in the likeness of a gigantic ox-fly, sat perched upon the cocked hat of the gallant Stuyvesant; and it was universally declared, by all the writers whom he hired to write the history of his expedition, that on this memorable day he gained a sufficient quantity of glory to immortalize a dozen of the greatest heroes in Christendom!

RICHARD JEFFERIES

Richard Jefferies, novelist and essayist, born at Swindon, England, in 1848; died at Goring, Sussex. in 1887. Following in the footsteps of many English writers he contributed early to "Frazer's Magazine." Later his work was published in the "Pall Mall Gazette," and "Longman's Magazine." His essays are noted for their freshness and accurate descriptions of nature. Among his best works are: "The Scarlet Shawl," "Wild Life in a Southern County," "Life in the Fields," and "Amaryllis at the Fair."

ON BEACHY HEAD

(From "Nature Near London")

THE waves coming round the promontory before the west wind still give the idea of a flowing stream, as they did in Homer's days. Here beneath the cliff, standing where beach and sand meet, it is still; the wind passes six hundred feet overhead; but yonder, every larger wave rolling before the breeze breaks over the rocks; a white line of spray rushes along them, gleaming in the sunshine; for a moment the dark rockwall disappears, till the spray sinks.

The sea seems higher than the spot where I stand, its surface on a higher level,—raised like a green mound,—as if it could burst it and occupy the space up to the foot of the cliff in a moment. It will not do so, I know: but there is an infinite possibility about the sea; it may do what it is not recorded to have done. It is not to be ordered; it may overleap the bounds human observation has

fixed for it. It has a potency unfathomable. There is still something in it not quite grasped and understood, something still to be discovered, a mystery.

So the white spray rushes along the low broken wall of rocks, the sun gleams on the flying fragments of the wave; again it sinks, and the rhythmic motion holds the mind, as an invisible force holds back the tide. A faith of expectancy, a sense that something may drift up from the unknown, a large belief in the unseen resources of the endless space out yonder, soothes the mind with dreamy hope.

The little rules and little experiences—all the petty ways of narrow life—are shut off behind by the ponderous and impassable cliff; as if we had dwelt in the dim light of a cave, but coming out at last to look at the sun, a great stone had fallen and closed the entrance, so that there was no return to the shadow. The impassable precipice shuts off our former selves of yesterday, forcing us to look out over the sea only, or up to the deeper heaven.

These breadths draw out the soul; we feel that we have wider thoughts than we knew; the soul has been living as it were in a nutshell, all unaware of its own power, and now suddenly finds freedom in the sun and the sky. Straight, as if sawn down from turf to beach, the cliff shuts off the human world, for the sea knows no time and no era; you cannot tell what century it is from the face of the sea. A Roman trireme suddenly rounding the white edge-line of chalk, borne on wind and oar from the Isle of Wight towards the gray castle at Pevensey (already old in olden days), would not seem strange. What wonder could surprise us coming from the wonderful sea ?

The little rills winding through the sand have made an islet of a detached rock by the beach;

limpets cover it, adhering like rivet-heads. In the stillness here, under the roof of the wind so high above, the sound of the sand draining itself is audible. From the cliff, blocks of chalk have fallen, leaving hollows as when a knot drops from a beam. They lie crushed together at the base, and on the point of this jagged ridge a wheatear perches.

There are ledges three hundred feet above; and from these now and then a jackdaw glides out and returns again to his place, where, when still and with folded wings, he is but a speck of black. A spire of chalk still higher stands out from the wall; but the rains have got behind it, and will cut the crevice deeper and deeper into its foundation. Water too has carried the soil from under the turf at the summit over the verge, forming brown streaks.

Upon the beach lies a piece of timber, part of a wreck; the wood is torn and the fibers rent where it was battered against the dull edge of the rocks. The heat of the sun burns, thrown back by the dazzling chalk; the river of ocean flows ceaselessly, casting the spray over the stones; the unchanged sky is blue.

Let us go back and mount the steps at the Gap, and rest on the sward there. I feel that I want the presence of grass. The sky is a softer blue, and the sun genial; now the eye and the mind alike are relieved—the one of the strain of too great solitude (not the solitude of the woods), the other of too brilliant and hard a contrast of colors. Touch but the grass, and the harmony returns; it is repose after exaltation.

A vessel comes round the promontory. It is not a trireme of old Rome, nor the "fair and stately galley" Count Arnaldus hailed with its seamen singing the mystery of the sea; it is but a brig in ballast, high out of the water, black of hull and

dingy of sail; still it is a ship, and there is always an interest about a ship. She is so near, running along but just outside the reef, that the deck is visible. Up rises her stern as the billows come fast and roll under; then her bow lifts, and immediately she rolls, and loosely swaying with the sea, drives along.

The slope of the billow now behind her is white with the bubbles of her passage, rising too from her rudder. Steering athwart with a widening angle from the land, she is laid to clear the distant point of Dungeness. Next a steamer glides forth, unseen till she passed the cliff; and thus each vessel that comes from the westward has the charm of the unexpected. Eastward there is many a sail working slowly into the wind, and as they approach, talking in the language of flags with the watch on the summit of the Head.

Once now and then the great Orient pauses on her outward route to Australia, slowing her engines: the immense length of her hull contains every adjunct of modern life; science, skill, and civilization are there. She starts, and is lost sight of round the cliff,—gone straight away for the very ends of the world. The incident is forgotten, when one morning as you turn over the newspaper, there is the Orient announced to start again. It is like a tale of enchantment: it seems but yesterday that the Head hid her from view; you have scarcely moved, attending to the daily routine of life, and scarce recognize that time has passed at all. In so few hours has the earth been encompassed. The sea-gulls as they settle on the surface ride high out of the water, like the medieval caravels, with their sterns almost as tall as the masts. Their unconcerned flight, with crooked wings unbent, as if it were no matter to them whether they flew or floated, in its peculiar jerking

motion reminds one of the lapwing; the heron has it too, a little: as if aquatic or water-side birds had a common and distinct action of the wing.

Sometimes a porpoise comes along, but just beyond the reef; looking down on him from the verge of the cliff, his course can be watched. His dark body, wet and oily, appears on the surface for two seconds; and then, throwing up his tail like the fluke of an anchor, down he goes. Now look forward along the waves some fifty yards or so, and he will come up, the sunshine gleaming on the water as it runs off his back, to again dive, and reappear after a similar interval. Even when the eye can no longer distinguish the form, the spot where he rises is visible, from the slight change in the surface.

The hill receding in hollows leaves a narrow plain between the foot of the sward and the cliff; it is plowed, and the teams come to the footpath which follows the edge; and thus those who plow the sea and those who plow the land look upon each other. The one sees the vessel change her tack, the other notes the plow turning at the end of the furrow. Bramble-bushes project over the dangerous wall of chalk, and grasses fill up the interstices, a hedge suspended in air; but be careful not to reach too far for the blackberries.

The green sea is on the one hand, the yellow stubble on the other. The porpoise dives along beneath, the sheep graze above. Green seaweed lines the reef over which the white spray flies, blue lucerne dots the field. The pebbles of the beach seen from the height mingle in a faint blue tint, as if the distance ground them into colored sand. Leaving the foothpath now, and crossing the stubble to "France," as the wide open hollow in the down is called by the shepherds, it is no easy matter in

dry summer weather to climb the steep turf to the furz line above.

Dry grass is as slippery as if it were hair, and the sheep have fed it too close for a grip of the hand. Under the furze (still far from the summit) they have worn a path—a narrow ledge, cut by their cloven feet—through the sward. It is time to rest; and already, looking back, the sea has extended to an indefinite horizon. This climb of a few hundred feet opens a view of so many miles more. But the ships lose their individuality and human character; they are so far, so very far away, they do not take hold of the sympathies; they seem like sketches—cunningly executed, but only sketches—on the immense canvas of the ocean. There is something unreal about them.

On a calm day, when the surface is smooth as if the brimming ocean had been stroked,—the rod passed across the top of the measure, thrusting off the irregularities of wave; when the distant green from long simmering under the sun becomes pale; when the sky, without cloud, but with some slight haze in it, likewise loses its hue, and the two so commingle in the pallor of heat that they cannot be separated,—then the still ships appear suspended in space. They are as much held from above as upborne from beneath.

They are motionless, midway in space—whether it is sea or air is not to be known. They neither float nor fly, they are suspended. There is no force in the flat sail, the mast is lifeless, the hull without impetus. For hours they linger, changeless as the constellations; still, silent, motionless, phantom vessels on a void sea.

Another climb up from the sheep-path, and it is not far then to the terrible edge of that tremendous cliff which rises straighter than a ship's side out of the sea, six hundred feet above the detached

rock below, where the limpets cling like rivet heads, and the sand rills run around it. But it is not possible to look down to it; the glance of necessity falls outwards, as a raindrop from the eaves is deflected by the wind, because it *is* the edge where the mold crumbles; the rootlets of the grass are exposed; the chalk is about to break away in flakes.

You cannot lean over as over a parapet, lest such a flake should detach itself; lest a mere trifle should begin to fall, awakening a dread and dormant inclination to slide and finally plunge like it. Stand back; the sea there goes out and out to the left and to the right, and how far is it to the blue overhead? The eye must stay here a long period and drink in these distances, before it can adjust the measure and know exactly what it sees.

Here, reclining on the grass—the verge of the cliff rising a little shuts out the actual sea—the glance goes forth into the hollow unsupported. It is sweeter towards the corn-ricks, and yet the mind will not be satisfied, but ever turns to the unknown. The edge and the abyss recall us; the boundless plain—for it appears solid as the waves are leveled by distance—demands the gaze. But with use it becomes easier, and the eye labors less. There is a promontory standing out from the main wall, whence you can see the side of the cliff, getting a flank view, as from a tower.

The jackdaws occasionally floating out from the ledge are as mere specks from above, as they were from below. The reef running out from the beach, though now covered by the tide, is visible as you look down on it through the water; the seaweed, which lay matted and half dry on the rocks, is now under the wave. Boats have come round, and are beached; how helplessly little they seem beneath the cliff by the sea!

On returning homewards towards Eastbourne,

stay awhile by the tumulus on the slope. There are others hidden among the furze; butterflies flutter over them, and the bees hum round by day; by night the nighthawk passes, coming up from the fields and even skirting the sheds and houses below. The rains beat on them, and the storm drives the dead leaves over their low green domes; the waves boom on the shore far down.

How many times has the morning star shone yonder in the east? All the mystery of the sun and of the stars centers around these lowly mounds.

But the glory of these glorious downs is the breeze. The air in the valleys immediately beneath them is pure and pleasant; but the least climb, even a hundred feet, puts you on a plane with the atmosphere itself, uninterrupted by so much as the treetops. It is air without admixture. If it comes from the south the waves refine it; if inland, the wheat and flowers and grass distill it. The great headland and the whole rib of the promontory is windswept and washed with air; the billows of the atmosphere roll over it.

The sun searches out every crevice amongst the grass, nor is there the smallest fragment of surface which is not sweetened by air and light. Underneath, the chalk itself is pure, and the turf thus washed by wind and rain, sun-dried and dew-scented, is a couch prepared with thyme to rest on. Discover some excuse to remain up there always, to search for stray mushrooms—they will be stray, for the crop is gathered extremely early in the morning—or to make a list of flowers and grasses; to do anything, and if not, go always without any pretext. Lands of gold have been found, and lands of spices and precious merchandise; but this is the land of health.

There is the sea below to bathe in, the air of the sky up hither to breathe, the sun to infuse the in-

visible magnetism of his beams. These are the three potent medicines of nature, and they are medicines that by degrees strengthen not only the body but the unquiet mind. It is not necessary to always look out over the sea. By strolling along the slopes of the ridge a little way inland, there is another scene where hills roll on after hills till the last and largest hides those that succeed behind it.

Vast cloud-shadows darken one, and lift their veil from another; like the sea, their tint varies with the hue of the sky over them. Deep narrow valleys—lanes in the hills—draw the footsteps downwards into their solitude; but there is always the delicious air, turn whither you will, and there is always the grass, the touch of which refreshes. Though not in sight, it is pleasant to know that the sea is close at hand, and that you have only to mount to the ridge to view it. At sunset the curves of the shore westward are filled with a luminous mist.

Or if it should be calm, and you should like to look at the massive headline from the level of the sea, row out a mile from the beach. Eastwards a bank of red vapor shuts in the sea; the wavelets—no larger than those raised by the oar—on that side are purple as if wine had been spilt upon them, but westwards the ripples shimmer with palest gold.

The sun sinks behind the summit of the downs, and slender streaks of purple are drawn along above them. A shadow comes forth from the cliff; a duskiness dwells on the water; something tempts the eye upwards, and near the zenith there is a star.

A ROMAN BROOK

(From "Bits of Oak Bark")

THE brook has forgotten me, but I have not forgotten the brook. Many faces have been mirrored since in the flowing water, many feet have waded in the sandy shallow. I wonder if any one else can see it in a picture before the eyes as I can, bright and vivid as the trees suddenly shown at night by a great flash of lightning. All the leaves and branches and the birds at roost are visible during the flash. It is barely a second; it seems much longer. Memory, like the lightning, reveals the pictures in the mind. Every curve, and shore, and shallow is as familiar now as when I followed the winding stream so often. When the mowing grass was at its height you could not walk far beside the bank; it grew so thick and strong and full of unbelliferous plants as to weary the knees. The life, as it were, of the meadows seemed to crowd down toward the brook in summer to reach out and stretch toward the life-giving water. There the buttercups were taller and closer together, nails of gold driven so thickly that the true surface was not visible. Countless rootlets drew up the richness of the earth like miners in the darkness, throwing their petals of yellow ore broadcast above them. With their fullness of leaves the hawthorn bushes grow larger—the trees extend further—and thus overhung with leaf and branch, and closely set about by grass and plant, the brook disappeared only a little way off, and could not have been known from a mound and hedge. It was lost in the plain of meads—the flowers alone saw its sparkle.

Hidden in those bushes and tall grasses, high in the trees and low on the ground, there were the nests of happy birds. In the hawthorns blackbirds and thrushes built, often overhanging the stream, and the

fledgelings fluttered out into the flowery grass. Down among the stalks of the umbelliferous plants, where the grasses were knotted together, the nettle-creeper concealed her treasure, having selected a hollow by the bank so that the scythe should pass over. Up in the pollard ashes and willows, here and there, wood pigeons built. Doves cooed in the little wooden inclosures where the brook curved almost round upon itself. If there was a hollow in the oak a pair of starlings chose it, for there was no advantageous nook that was not seized on. Low beside the willow stoles the sedge reedlings built; on the ledges of the ditches, full of flags, moor hens made their nests. After the swallows had coursed long miles over the meads to and fro, they rested on the tops of the ashes and twittered sweetly. Like the flowers and grass, the birds were drawn toward the brook. They built by it, they came to it to drink; in the evening a grasshopper lark trilled in a hawthorn bush. By night, crossing the footbridge, a star sometimes shone in the water under foot. At morn and even the peasant girls came down to dip: their path was worn through the mowing grass, and there was a flat stone let into the bank as a step to stand on. Though they were poorly habited, without one line of form or tint of color that could please the eye, there is something in dipping water that is Greek—Homeric—something that carries the mind home to primitive times. Always the little children came with them; they too loved the brook like the grass and the birds. They wanted to see the fishes dart away and hide in the green flags; they flung daisies and buttercups into the stream to float and catch awhile at the flags, and float again and pass away, like the friends of our boyhood, out of sight. Where there was pasture roan cattle came to drink, and horses, restless horses, stood for hours by the edge under the shade of ash trees. With what joy the

spaniel plunged in, straight from the bank out among the flags—you could mark his course by seeing their tips bend as he brushed them in swimming. All life loved the brook.

Far down away from the roads and hamlets there was a small orchard on the very bank of the stream, and just before the grass grew too high to walk through I looked in the enclosure to speak to its owner. He was busy with his spade at a strip of garden, and grumbled that the hares would not let it alone, with all that stretch of grass to feed on. Nor would the rooks, and the moor hens ran over it, and the water rats burrowed; the wood pigeons would have the peas, and there was no rest from them all. While he talked and talked, far from the object in hand, as aged people will, I thought how the apple tree in blossom before us cared little enough who saw its glory. The branches were in bloom everywhere, at the top as well as at the side,—at the top where no one could see them but the swallows. They did not grow for human admiration: that was not their purpose; that is our affair only—we bring the thought to the tree. On a short branch low down the trunk there hung the weather-beaten and broken handle of an earthen-ware vessel; the old man said it was a jug, one of the old folk's jugs,—he often dug them up. Some were cracked, some nearly perfect; lots of them had been thrown out to mend the lane. There were some chips among the heaps of weeds yonder. These fragments were the remains of Anglo-Roman pottery. Coins had been found—half a gallon of them—the children had had most. He took one from his pocket, dug up that morning; they were of no value,—they would not ring. The laborers tried to get some ale for them, but could not; no one would take the little brass things. That was all he knew of the Cæsars: the apples were in fine bloom now, weren't they?

Fifteen centuries before there had been a Roman station at the spot where the lane crossed the brook. There the centurions rested their troops after their weary march across the downs, for the lane, now bramble-grown and full of ruts, was then a Roman road. There were villas, and baths, and fortifications; these things you may read about in books. They are lost now in the hedges, under the flowering grass, in the ash copses, all forgotten in the lane, and along the footpath where the June roses will bloom after the apple blossom has dropped. But just where the ancient military way crosses the brook, there grow the finest, the largest, the bluest, and most lovely for-get-me-nots that ever lover gathered for his lady.

The old man, seeing my interest in the fragments of pottery, wished to show me something of a different kind lately discovered. He led me to a spot where the brook was deep, and had somewhat undermined the edge. A horse trying to drink there had pushed a quantity of earth into the stream and exposed a human skeleton lying within a few inches of the water. Then I looked up the stream and remembered the buttercups and tall grasses, the flowers that crowded down to the edge; I remembered the nests, and the dove cooing; the girls that came down to dip, the children who cast their flowers to float away. The wind blew the loose apple bloom and it fell in showers of painted snow. Sweetly the greenfinches were calling in the trees; afar the voice of the cuckoo came over the oaks. By the side of the living water, the water that all things rejoiced in, near to its gentle sound, and the sparkle of sunshine in it, had lain this sorrowful thing.

JEROME K. JEROME

JEROME KLAPKA JEROME, novelist, was born at Walsall, England, in 1861. Early in life he had to shift for himself and became, after trying various professions, a journalist. In 1886, he published "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and it jumped at once to the forefront of popularity. Three years later came his most famous work, "Three Men in a Boat." This book is as much read to-day as when it first appeared. The adventures of "The Three Men in their trip up the Thames," "To say nothing of Montmorency, the dog," will undoubtedly chase the blues from the overwrought minds of generations to come. His later books include "Letters to Clorinda," "Stories of the Town," and "The Prude's Progress."

PLANS FOR THE TRIP

(From "Three Men in a Boat")

SO, on the following evening, we again assembled, to discuss and arrange our plans. Harris said:

"Now, the first thing to settle is what to take with us. Now, you get a bit of paper and write down, J., and you get the grocery catalogue, George, and somebody give me a bit of pencil, and then I'll make out a list."

That's Harris all over—so ready to take the burden of everything himself, and put it on the backs of other people.

He always reminds me of my poor Uncle Podger. you never saw such a commotion up and down a house, in all your life, as when my Uncle Podger

undertook to do a job. A picture would have come home from the frame-maker's and be standing in the dining-room, waiting to be put up; and Aunt Podger would ask what was to be done with it, and Uncle Podger would say:

"Oh, you leave that to *me*. Don't you, any of you, worry yourselves about that. *I'll* do all that."

And then he would take off his coat and begin. He would send the girl out for sixpen-orth of nails, and then one of the boys after her to tell her what size to get; and, from that, he would gradually work down, and start the whole house.

"Now you go and get me my hammer, Will," he would shout; "and you bring me the rule, Tom; and I shall want the step-ladder, and I had better have a kitchen-chair, too; and, Jim! you run round to Mr. Goggles, and tell him, 'Pa's kind regards, and hopes his leg's better; and will he lend him his spirit-level?' And don't you go, Maria, because I shall want somebody to hold me the light; and when the girl comes back, she must go out again for a bit of picture-cord; and Tom—where's Tom? —Tom, you come here; I shall want you to hand me up the picture."

And then he would lift up the picture, and drop it, and it would come out of the frame, and he would try to save the glass, and cut himself; and then he would spring round the room, looking for his handkerchief. He could not find his handkerchief, because it was in the pocket of the coat he had taken off, and he did not know where he had put the coat, and all the house had to leave off looking for his tools, and start looking for his coat; while he would dance round and hinder them.

"Doesn't anybody in the whole house know where my coat is? I never came across such a set in all my life—upon my word I didn't. Six of you!—and

you can't find a coat that I put down not five minutes ago! Well, of all the——"

Then he'd get up, and find that he had been sitting on it, and would call out:

"Oh, you can give it up! I've found it myself now. Might just as well ask the cat to find anything as expect you people to find it."

And, when half an hour had been spent in tying up his finger, and a new glass had been got, and the tools, and the ladder, and the chair, and the candle had been brought, he would have another go, the whole family, including the girl and the charwoman, standing round in a semicircle, ready to help. Two people would have to hold the chair, and a third would help him up on it, and hold him there, and a fourth would hand him a nail, and a fifth would pass him up the hammer, and he would take hold of the nail, and drop it.

"There!" he would say, in an injured tone, "now the nail's gone."

And we would all have to go down on our knees and grovel for it, while he would stand on the chair, and grunt, and want to know if he was to be kept there all the evening.

The nail would be found at last, and by that time he would have lost the hammer.

"Where's the hammer? What did I do with the hammer? Great heavens! Seven of you, gaping round there, and you don't know what I did with the hammer!"

We would find the hammer for him, and then he would have lost sight of the mark he had made on the wall, where the nail was to go in, and each of us had to get up on a chair, beside him, and see if we could find it; and we would each discover it in a different place, and he would call us all fools, one after another, and tell us to get down. And he would take the rule, and re-measure, and find that

he wanted half thirty-one and three-eighths inches from the corner, and would try to do it in his head, and go mad.

And we would all try to do it in our heads, and all arrive at different results, and sneer at one another. And in the general row, the original number would be forgotten, and Uncle Podger would have to measure it again.

He would use a bit of string this time, and at the critical moment, when the old fool was leaning over the chair at an angle of forty-five, and was trying to reach a point three inches beyond what was possible for him to reach, the string would slip, and down he would slide on to the piano, a really fine musical effect being produced by the suddeness with which his head and body struck all the notes at the same time.

And Aunt Maria would say that she would not allow the children to stand round and hear such language.

At last Uncle Podger would get the spot fixed again, and put the point of the nail on it with his left hand, and take the hammer in his right hand. And, with the first blow he would smash his thumb, and drop the hammer, with a yell, on somebody's toes.

Aunt Maria would mildly observe that, next time Uncle Podger was going to hammer a nail into the wall, she hoped he'd let her know in time, so that she could make arrangements to go and spend a week with her mother while it was being done.

"Oh! you women, you make such a fuss over everything," Uncle Podger would reply, picking himself up. "Why, I *like* doing a little job of this sort."

And then he would have another try, and, at the second blow, the nail would go clean through the plaster, and half the hammer after it, and Uncle

Podger be precipitated against the wall with force nearly sufficient to flatten his nose.

Then we had to find the rule and the string again, and a new hole was made; and, about midnight, the picture would be up—very crooked and insecure, the wall for yards round looking as if it had been smoothed down with a rake, and everybody dead beat and wretched—except Uncle Podger.

"There you are," he would say, stepping heavily off the chair onto the charwoman's corns, and surveying the mess he had made with evident pride. "Why, some people would have had a man in to do a little thing like that!"

Harris will be just that sort of man when he grows up, I know, and I told him so. I said I could not permit him to take so much labor upon himself. I said:

"No; *you* get the paper, and the pencil, and the catalogue, and George write down, and I'll do the work."

The first list we made out had to be discarded. It was clear that the upper reaches of the Thames would not allow of the navigation of a boat sufficiently large to take the things we had set down as indispensable; so we tore the list up, and looked at one another!

George said:

"You know we are on a wrong track altogether. We must not think of the things we could do with, but only of the things that we can't do without."

George comes out really quite sensible at times. You'd be surprised. I call that downright wisdom, not merely as regards the present case, but with reference to our trip up the river of life, generally. How many people, on that voyage, load up the boat till it is ever in danger of swamping with a store of foolish things which they think essential to the

pleasure and comfort of the trip, but which are really only useless lumber.

How they pile the poor little craft mast-high with fines clothes and big houses; with useless servants, and a host of swell friends that do not care two-pence for them, and that they do not care three ha'pence for; with expensive entertainments that nobody enjoys, with formalities and fashions, with pretence and ostentation, and with—oh, heaviest, maddest lumber of all!—the dread of what will my neighbor think; with luxuries that only cloy, with pleasures that bore, with empty show that, like the criminal's iron crown of yore, makes to bleed and swoon the aching head that wears it!

It is lumber, man—all lumber! Throw it overboard. It makes the boat so heavy to pull, you nearly faint at the oars. It makes it so cumbersome and dangerous to manage, you never know a moment's freedom from anxiety and care, never gain a moment's rest for dreamy laziness—no time to watch the windy shadows skimming lightly o'er the shallows, or the glittering sunbeams flitting in and out among the ripples, or the great trees by the margin looking down at their own image, or the woods all green and golden, or the lillies white and yellow, or the somber-waving rushes, or the sedges, or the orchis, or the blue forget-me-nots.

Throw the lumber over, man! Let your boat of life be light, packed with only what you need—a homely home and simple pleasures, one or two friends, worth the name, some one to love and some one to love you; a cat, a dog, and a pipe or two; enough to eat and enough to wear, and a little more than enough to drink, for thirst is a dangerous thing.

You will find the boat easier to pull then, and it will not be so liable to upset, and it will not matter so much if it does upset; good, plain merchandise

will stand waer. You will have time to think as well as to work. Time to drink in life's sunshine—time to listen to the Æolian music that the wind of God draws from the human heartstrings around us —time to——

I beg your pardon, really. I quite forgot.

Well, we left the list to George, and he began it.

"We won't take a tent," suggested George; "we will have a boat with a cover. It is ever so much simpler, and more comfortable."

It seemed a good thought, and we adopted it. I do not know whether you have ever seen the thing I mean. You fix iron hoops up over the boat, and stretch a huge canvas over them, and fasten it down all round, from stem to stern, and it converts the boat into a sort of little house, and it is beautifully cosy, though a trifle stuffy; but there, everything has its drawbacks, as the man said when his mother-in-law died, and they came down upon him for the funeral expenses.

George said that in that case we must take a rug each, a lamp, some soap, a brush and comb (between us), a toothbrush (each), a basin, some tooth-powder, some shaving tackle (sounds like a French exercise, doesn't it?), and a couple of big towels for bathing. I notice that people always make gigantic arrangements for bathing when they are going anywhere near the water, but that they don't bathe much when they are there. It is the same when you go to the seaside. I always determine—when thinking over the matter in London—that I'll get up early every morning, and go and have a dip before breakfast, and I religiously pack up a pair of drawers and a bath towel. I always get red bathing drawers. I rather fancy myself in red drawers. They suit my complexion so. But when I get to the sea I don't feel somehow that I want that early

morning bath nearly so much as I did when I was in town.

On the contrary, I feel more that I want to stop in bed till the last moment, and then come down and have my breakfast. Once or twice virtue has triumphed, and I have got out at six and half-dressed myself, and have taken my drawers and towel, and stumbled dismally off. But I haven't enjoyed it. They seem to keep a specially cutting east wind waiting for me when I go to bathe in the early morning; and they pick out all the three-cornered stones, and put them on the top, and they sharpen up the rocks and cover the points over with a bit of sand so that I can't see them, and they take the sea and put it two miles out, so that I have to huddle myself up in my arms and hop, shivering, through six inches of water. And when I do get to the sea, it is rough and quite insulting.

One huge wave catches me up and chucks me in a sitting posture, as hard as ever it can, down onto a rock which has been put there for me. And, before I've said "Oh! Ugh!" and found out what has gone, the wave comes back and carries me out to mid-ocean. I begin to strike out frantically for the shore, and wonder if I shall ever see home and friends again, and wish I'd been kinder to my little sister when a boy (when *I* was a boy, I mean). Just when I have given up all hope, a wave retires and leaves me sprawling like a starfish on the sand, and I get up and look back and find that I've been swimming for my life in two feet of water. I hop back and dress, and crawl home, where I have to pretend I liked it.

In the present instance, we all talked as if we were going to have a long swim every morning. George said it was so pleasant to wake up in the boat in the fresh morning, and plunge into the limpid river. Harris said there was nothing like

a swim before breakfast to give you an appetite. He said it always gave him an appetite. George said that if it was going to make Harris eat more than Harris ordinarily ate, then he should protest against Harris having a bath at all.

He said there would be quite enough hard work in towing sufficient food for Harris up against stream, as it was.

I urged upon George, however, how much pleasanter it would be to have Harris clean and fresh about the boat, even if we did have to take a few more hundred-weight of provisions; and he got to see it in my light, and withdrew his opposition to Harris's bath.

Agreed, finally, that we should take *three* bath towels, so as not to keep each other waiting.

For clothes, George said two suits of flannel would be sufficient, as we could wash them ourselves in the river, when they got dirty. We asked him if he had ever tried washing flannels in the river, and he replied: "No, not exactly himself like; but he knew some fellows who had, and it was easy enough;" and Harris and I were weak enough to fancy he knew what he was talking about, and that three respectable young men, without position or influence, and with no experience in washing, would really clean their own shirts and trousers in the river Thames with a bit of soap.

We were to learn in the days to come, when it was too late, that George was a miserable impostor, who could evidently have known nothing whatever about the matter. If you had seen these clothes after—but, as the shilling shockers say, we anticipate.

George impressed upon us to take a change of under-things and plenty of socks, in case we got upset and wanted a change; also plenty of handkerchiefs, as they would do to wipe things, and a

pair of leather boots as well as our boating shoes, as we should want them if we got upset.

THE EMBARKATION

(From "Three Men in a Boat")

IT was Mrs. Poppets that woke me up next morning. She said:

"Do you know that it's nearly nine o'clock, sir?"

"Nine o'what?" I cried, starting up.

"Nine o'clock," she replied, through the key-hole. "I thought you was a-oversleeping yourselves."

I woke Harris, and told him. He said:

"I thought you wanted to get up at six?"

"So I did," I answered; "why didn't you wake me?"

"How could I wake you, when you didn't wake me?" he retorted. "Now we sha'n't get on the water till after twelve. I wonder you take the trouble to get up at all."

"Um," I replied, "lucky for you that I do. If I hadn't woke you, you'd have lain there for the whole fortnight."

We snarled at one another in this strain for the next few minutes, when we were interrupted by a defiant snore from George. It reminded us, for the first time since our being called, of his existence. There he lay—the man who wanted to know what time he should wake us—on his back, with his mouth wide open, and his knees stuck up.

I don't know why it should be, I am sure; but the sight of another man asleep in bed when I am up, maddens me. It seems so shocking to see the precious hours of a man's life—the priceless moments that will never come back to him again—being wasted in mere brutish sleep.

There was George, throwing away in hideous sloth

the inestimable gift of time; his valuable life, every second of which he would have to account for hereafter, passing away from him, unused. He might have been up stuffing himself with eggs and bacon, irritating the dog, or flirting with the slavey, instead of sprawling there, sunk in soul-clogging oblivion.

It was a terrible thought. Harris and I appeared to be struck by it at the same instant. We determined to save him, and, in this noble resolve, our own dispute was forgotten. We flew across and slung the clothes off him, and Harris landed him one with a slipper, and I shouted in his ear, and he awoke.

"Wasermarrer?" he observed, sitting up.

"Get up, you fat-headed chunk!" roared Harris. "It's quarter to ten."

"What!" he shrieked, jumping out of bed into the bath; "who the thunder put this thing here?"

We told him he must have been a fool not to see the bath.

We finished dressing, and, when it came to the extras, we remembered that we had packed the toothbrushes and the brush and comb (that toothbrush of mine will be the death of me, I know), and we had to go downstairs, and fish them out of the bag. And when we had done that, George wanted the shaving tackle. We told him that he would have to go without shaving that morning, as we weren't going to unpack that bag again for him, nor for any one like him.

He said:

"Don't be absurd! How can I go into the city like this?"

It was certainly rather rough on the city, but what cared we for human suffering? As Harris said, in his common, vulgar way, the city would have to lump it.

We went downstairs to breakfast. Montmorency had invited two other dogs to come and see him off, and they were whiling away the time by fighting on the doorstep. We calmed them with an umbrella, and sat down to chops and cold beef.

Harris said:

"The great thing is to make a good breakfast," and he started with a couple of chops, saying that he would take these while they were hot, as the beef could wait.

George got hold of the paper, and read us out the boating fatalities, and the weather forecast, which latter prophesied "rain, cold, wet to fine" (whatever more than usually ghastly thing in weather that may be), "occasional local thunder-storms, east wind, with general depression over the Midland counties (London and Channel). Bar, falling."

I do think that, of all the silly, irritating tom-foolishness by which we are plagued, this "weather forecast" fraud is about the most aggravating. It "forecasts" precisely what happened yesterday or the day before, and precisely the opposite of what is going to happen to-day.

I remember a holiday of mine being completely ruined one late autumn by our paying attention to the weather report of the local newspaper. "Heavy showers, with thunder-storms, may be expected to-day," it would say on Monday, and so we would give up our picnics, and stop indoors all day, waiting for the rain. And people would pass the house, going off in wagonettes and coaches as jolly and merry as could be, the sun shining out, and not a cloud to be seen.

"Ah!" we said, as we stood looking out at them through the window, "won't they come home soaked!"

And we chuckled to think how wet they were going to get, and came back and stirred the fire,

and got our books, and arranged our specimens of seaweed and cockle shells. By twelve o'clock, with the sun pouring into the room, the heat became quite oppressive, and we wondered when those heavy showers and occasional thunder-storms were going to begin.

"Ah! they'll come in the afternoon, you'll find," we said to each other. "Oh, *won't* those people get wet. What a lark!"

At one o'clock the landlady would come in to ask if we weren't going out, as it seemed such a lovely day.

"No, no," we replied, with a knowing chuckle, "not we. *We* don't mean to get wet—no, no."

And when the afternoon was nearly gone, and still there was no sign of rain, we tried to cheer ourselves up with the idea that it would come down all at once, just as the people had started for home, and were out of the reach of any shelter, and that they would thus get more drenched than ever. But not a drop ever fell, and it finished a grand day, and a lovely night after it.

The next morning we would read that it was going to be a "warm, fine to set-fair day; much heat," and we would dress ourselves in flimsy things, and go out, and, half an hour after we had started, it would commence to rain hard, and a bitterly cold wind would spring up, and both would keep on steadily for the whole day, and we would come home with colds and rheumatism all over us, and go to bed.

The weather is a thing that is beyond me altogether. I never can understand it. The barometer is useless: it is as misleading as the newspaper forecast.

There was one hanging up in a hotel at Oxford at which I was staying last spring, and, when I got there, it was pointing to "set fair." It was simply

pouring with rain outside, and had been all day; and I couldn't quite make matters out. I tapped the barometer, and it jumped up and pointed to "very dry."

The Boots stopped as he was passing and said he expected it meant to-morrow. I fancied that maybe it was thinking of the week before last, but Boots said, No, he thought not.

I tapped it again the next morning, and it went up still higher, and the rain came down faster than ever. On Wednesday I went and hit it again, and the pointer went round toward "set fair," "very dry," and "much heat," until it was stopped by the peg, and couldn't go any further. It tried its best, but the instrument was built so that it couldn't prophesy fine weather any harder than it did without breaking itself. It evidently wanted to go on, and prognosticate drought, and water, famine and sunstroke, and simoons, and such things, but the peg prevented it, and it had to be content with pointing to the mere commonplace "very dry."

Meanwhile the rain came down in a steady torrent and the lower part of the town was under water, owing to the river having overflowed.

Boots said it was evident that we were going to have a prolonged spell of grand weather *some time,* and read out a poem which was printed over the top of the oracle, about

"Long foretold, long last:
Short notice, soon past."

The fine weather never came that summer. I expect that machine must have been referring to the following spring.

Then there are those new styles of barometers, the long straight ones. I never can make head or tail of those. There is one side for 10 A.M. yesterday, and one side for 10 A.M. to-day; but you can't al-

ways get there as early as ten, you know. It rises or falls for rain and fine, with much or less wind, and one end is "Nly" and the other "Ely" (what's Ely got to do with it?), and if you tap it, it doesn't tell you anything. And you've got to correct it to sea-level, and reduce it to Fahrenheit, and even then I don't know the answer.

But who wants to be foretold the weather? It is bad enough when it comes, without our having the misery of knowing about it beforehand. The prophet we like is the old man who, on the particularly gloomy-looking morning of some day when we particularly want it to be fine, looks round the horizon with a particularly knowing eye, and says:

"Oh, no, sir; I think it will clear up all right. It will break all right enough, sir."

"Ah, he knows," we say, as we wish him good morning and start off; "wonderful how these old fellows can tell!"

And we feel an affection for that man which is not at all lessened by the circumstances of its *not* clearing up, but continuing to rain steadily all day.

"Ah, well," we feel, "he did his best."

For the man that prophesies us bad weather, on the contrary, we entertain only bitter and revengeful thoughts.

"Going to clear up, d'ye think?" we shout cheerily, as we pass.

"Well, no, sir; I'm afraid it's settled down for the day," he replies, shaking his head.

"Stupid old fool," we mutter, "what's *he* know about it?" And, if his portent proves correct, we come back feeling still more angry against him, and with a vague notion that, somehow or other, he has had something to do with it.

It was too bright and sunny on this especial morning for George's blood-curling readings about "Bar.

falling," "atmospheric disturbance, passing in an oblique line over Southern Europe," and "pressure increasing," to very much upset us: and so, finding that he could not make us wretched, and was only wasting his time, he sneaked the cigarette that I had carefully rolled up for myself, and went.

Then Harris and I, having finished up the few things left on the table, carted out our luggage onto the doorstep, and waited for a cab.

There seemed a good deal of luggage, when we put it all together. There was the Gladstone and the small hand-bag, and the two hampers, and a large roll of rugs, and some four or five overcoats and macintoshes, and a few umbrellas, and then there was a melon by itself in a bag, because it was too bulky to go in anywhere, and a couple of pounds of grapes in another bag, and a Japanese paper umbrella, and a frying-pan, which, being too long to pack, we had wrapped round with brown paper. It did look a lot, and Harris and I began to feel rather ashamed of it, though why we should be, I can't see. No cab came by, but the street boys did, and got interested in the show, apparently, and stopped.

Biggs's boy was the first to come round. Bigg's is our greengrocer, and his chief talent lies in securing the services of the most abandoned and unprincipled errand-boys that civilization has as yet produced. If anything more than usually villainous in the boy-line crops up in our neighborhood, we know that it is Biggs's latest. I was told that, at the time of the Great Coram street murder, it was promptly concluded by our street that Biggs's boy (for that period) was at the bottom of it, and had he not been able, in reply to the severe cross-examination to which he was subjected by No. 19, when he called there for orders the morning after the crime (assisted by No. 21, who happened to be on the step at

the time), to prove a complete *alibi,* it would have gone hard with him. I didn't know Biggs's boy at that time, but, from what I have seen of them since I should not have attached much importance to that *alibi* myself.

Biggs's boy, as I have said, came round the corner. He was evidently in a great hurry when he first dawned upon the vision, but, on catching sight of Harris and me, and Montmorency, and the things, he eased up and stared. Harris and I frowned at him. This might have wounded a more sensistive nature, but Biggs's boys are not, as a rule, touchy. He came to a dead stop, a yard from our step, and, leaning up against the railings, and selecting a straw to chew, fixed us with his eye. He evidently meant to see this thing out.

In another moment, the grocer's boy passed on the opposite side of the street. Biggs's boy hailed him:

"Hi! ground floor o' 42's a-moving."

The grocer's boy came across, and took up a position on the other side of the step. Then the young gentleman from the boot-shop stopped, and joined Biggs's boy; while the empty-can superintendent from "The Blue Posts" took up an independent position on the curb.

"They ain't a-going to starve, are they?" said the gentleman from the boot-shop.

"Ah! you'd want to take a thing or two with *you,*" retorted "The Blue Post," "if you was a-going to cross the Atlantic in a small boat."

"They ain't a-going to cross the Atlantic," struck in Biggs's boy; "they're a-going to find Stanley."

By this time quite a small crowd had collected, and people were asking each other what was the matter. One party (the young and giddy portion of the crowd) held that it was a wedding, and pointed out Harris as the bridegroom; while the elder and more thoughtful among the populace inclined to the

idea that it was a funeral and that I was probably the corpse's brother.

At last, an empty cab turned up (it is a street where, as a rule, and when they are not wanted, empty cabs pass at the rate of three a minute, and hang about, and get in your way), and packing ourselves and our belongings into it, and shooting out a couple of Montmorency's friends, who had evidently sworn never to forsake him, we drove away midst the cheers of the crowd, Biggs's boy shying a carrot after us for luck.

We got to Waterloo at eleven, and asked where the eleven-five started from. Of course nobody knew; nobody at Waterloo ever does know where a train is going to start from, or where a train when it does start is going to, or anything about it. The porter who took our things thought it would go from number two platform, while another porter, with whom he discussed the question, had heard a rumor that it would go from number one. The station-master, on the other hand, was convinced it would start from the local.

To put an end to the matter, we went up stairs, and asked the traffic superintendent, and he told us that he had just met a man who said he had seen it at number three platform. We went to number three platform, but the authorities there said that they rather thought that train was the Southampton express, or else the Windsor loop. But they were sure it wasn't the Kingston train, though why they were sure it wasn't they couldn't say.

Then our porter said he thought that must be it on the high-level platform; said he thought he knew the train. So we went to the high-level platform, and saw the engine-driver, and asked him if he was going to Kingston. He said he couldn't say for certain, of course, but that he rather thought he was. Anyhow, if he wasn't the 11:05 for Kingston,

he said he was pretty confident he was the 9:32 for Virginia Water, or the 10 A.M. express for the Isle of Wight, or somewhere in that direction, and we should all know when we got there. We slipped half-a-crown into his hand, and begged him to be the 11:05 for Kingston.

"Nobody will ever know, on this line," we said, "what you are, or when you're going. You know the way, you slip off quietly and go to Kingston."

"Well, I don't know, gents," replied the noble fellow; "but I suppose *some* train's got to go to Kingston, and I'll do it. Gimme the half-crown."

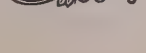
Thus we got to Kingston by the London and Southwestern Railway.

We learnt, afterward, that the train we had come by was really the Exeter mail, and that they had spent hours at Waterloo looking for it, and nobody knew what had become of it.

Our boat was waiting for us at Kingston just below bridge, and to it we wended our way, and round it we stored our luggage, and into it we stepped.

"Are you all right, sir?" said the man.

"Right it is," we answered; and with Harris at the sculls and I at the tiller-lines, and Montmorency, unhappy and deeply suspicious, in the prow, out we shot on to the waters which, for a fortnight, were to be our home.



DOUGLAS WM. JERROLD

Douglas William Jerrold, English journalist, was born in London, in 1803, died there, in 1857. His first acquaintance with letters came from setting type for a newspaper. He was a student of life and manners, and in 1821, his comedy, "More Frightened Than Hurt," was one of the successes of the London stage. He was at once promoted to an editorial position on his paper. "Black-Eyed Susan" was another of his popular pieces. He wrote much for "Punch," and established "The Illuminated Magazine." Among his best works are: "Punch's Letters to His Son," "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures," and "Men of Character."

CAUDLE'S WEDDING-DAY

CAUDLE, love, do you know what next Sunday is? *No?* You don't! Well, was there ever such a strange man! Can't you guess, darling? Next Sunday, dear? Think, love, a minute—just think. What! and you don't know now? Ha! If I hadn't a better memory than you I don't know how we should ever get on. Well, then, pet, shall I tell you, dear, what next Sunday is? Why, then, it's our wedding-day. What are you groaning at, Mr. Caudle? I don't see anything to groan at. If anybody should groan, I'm sure it isn't you. No: I rather think it's I who ought to groan!

Oh, dear! That's fourteen years ago. You were a very different man then, Mr. Caudle. What do you say? *And I was a very different woman?* Not at all; just the same. Oh, you needn't roll your

head about on the pillow in that way: I say, just the same. Well, then, if I'm altered, whose fault is it? Not mine, I'm sure—certainly not. Don't tell me that I couldn't talk at all then: I could talk just as well then as I can now; only then I hadn't the same cause. It's you have made me talk. What do you say? *You're very sorry for it?* Caudle, you do nothing but insult me.

Ha! You were a good-tempered nice creature fourteen years ago, and would have done anything for me. Yes, yes; if a woman would be always cared for she should never marry. There's quite an end of the charm when she goes to church! We're all angels while you're courting us; but once married, how soon you pull our wings off! No, Mr. Caudle, I'm not talking nonsense; but the truth is, you like to hear nobody talk but yourself. Nobody ever tells me that I talk nonsense but you. Now, it's no use your turning and turning about in that way; it's not a bit of——What do you say? *You'll get up?* No, you won't, Caudle; you'll not serve me that trick again, for I've locked the door and hid the key. There's no getting hold of you in daytime; but here you can't leave me. You needn't groan, Mr. Caudle.

Now, Caudle, dear, do let us talk comfortably. After all, love, there's a good many folks who, I dare say, don't get on half so well as we've done. We've both our little tempers, perhaps, but you are aggravating, you must own that, Caudle. Well, never mind; we won't talk of it; I won't scold you now. We'll talk of next Sunday, love. We never have kept our wedding-day, and I think it would be a nice day to have our friends. What do you say? *They'd think it hypocrisy?* No hypocrisy at all. I'm sure I try to be comfortable; and if ever a man was happy, you ought to be. No, Caudle, no; it isn't nonsense to keep wedding-days; it isn't

a deception on the world, and if it is, how many people do it! I'm sure its' only a proper compliment that a man owes to his wife. Look at the Winkles: don't they give a dinner every year? Well, I know; and if they do fight a little in the course of the twelvemonth, that's nothing to do with it. They keep their wedding-day, and their acquaintance have nothing to do with anything else.

As I say, Caudle, it's only a proper compliment a man owes to his wife to keep his wedding-day. It is as much as to say to the whole world, "There, if I had to marry again, my blessed wife's the only woman I'd choose!" Well, I see nothing to groan at, Mr. Caudle,—no, nor to sigh at, either; but I know what you mean; I'm sure, what would have become of you if you hadn't married as you have done—why, you'd have been a lost creature! I know it; I know your habits, Caudle; and—I don't like to say it—but you'd have been little better than a ragamuffin. Nice scrapes you'd have got into, I know, if you hadn't had me for a wife. The trouble I've had to keep you respectable!—and what's my thanks? Ha! I only wish you'd had some women!

But we won't quarrel, Caudle. No; you don't mean anything, I know. We'll have this little dinner, eh? Just a few friends? Now, don't say you don't care; that isn't the way to speak to a wife, and especially the wife I've been to you, Caudle. Well, you agree to the dinner, eh? Now, don't grunt, Mr. Caudle, but speak out. You'll keep your wedding-day? What? *If I'll let you go to sleep?* Ha, that's unmanly, Caudle; can't you say, "Yes," without anything else? I say—can't you say "Yes"? There, bless you! I knew you would.

And now, Caudle, what shall we have for dinner? No, we won't talk of it to-morrow; we'll talk of it now, and then it will be off my mind. I should like something particular,—something out of the

way,—just to show that we thought the day something. I should like—Mr. Caudle, you're not asleep? *What do I want?* Why, you know I want to settle about the dinner. *Have what I like?* No; as it is your fancy to keep the day, it's only right that I should try to please you. We never had one, Caudle, so what do you think of a haunch of venison? What do you say? *Mutton will do?* Ha! that shows what you think of your wife. I dare say if it was any of your club friends—any of your pot-house companions—you'd have no objection to venison. I say if——What do you mutter? *Let it be venison?* Very well. And now about the fish. What do you think of a nice turbot? No, Mr. Caudle, *brill* won't do; it shall be turbot, or there shan't be any fish at all. Oh, what a mean man you are, Caudle! Shall it be turbot? *It shall?* And now about—the soup. Now, Caudle, don't swear at the soup in that manner: you know there must be soup. Well, once in a way, and just to show our friends how happy we've been, we'll have some real turtle. *No, you won't; you'll have nothing but mock?* Then, Mr. Caudle, you may sit at the table by yourself. Mock-turtle on a wedding-day! Was there ever such an insult? What do you say? *Let it be real, then, for once?* Ha, Caudle! as I say, you were a very different person fourteen years ago.

And, Caudle, you look after the venison! There's a place I know, somewhere in the city, where you'll get it beautiful. You'll look at it? *You will?* Very well.

And, now, who shall we invite? *Who I like?* Now, you know, Caudle, that's nonsense; because I only like whom you like. I suppose the Prettymans must come. But understand, Caudle, I don't have *Miss* Prettyman: I am not going to have my peace of mind destroyed under my own roof: if

she comes, I don't appear at the table. What do you say? *Very well?* Very well be it, then.

And now, Caudle, you'll not forget the venison? In the city, my dear! You'll not forget the venison? A haunch, you know,—a nice haunch. And you'll not forget the venison? (*A loud snore.*) Bless me, if he ain't asleep! Oh, the unfeeling men!

MRS. CAUDLE NEEDS SPRING CLOTHING

IF there's anything in the world I hate—and you know it—it is, asking you for money. I am sure for myself, I'd rather go without a thing a thousand times, and I do, the more shame for you to let me. *What do I want now?* As if you didn't know! I'm sure, if I'd any money of my own, I'd never ask you for a farthing—never! It's painful to me, gracious knows! What do you say? *If it's painful, why so often do it?* I suppose you call that a joke—one of your club-jokes! As I say, I only wish I'd any money of my own. If there is anything that humbles a poor woman, it is coming to a man's pocket for every farthing. It's dreadful!

Now, Caudle, you shall hear me, for it isn't often I speak. Pray, do you know what month it is? And did you see how the children looked at church to-day—like nobody's else's children? *What was the matter with them?* Oh! Caudle how can you ask! Weren't they all in their thick merinoes and beaver bonnets? What do you say? *What of it?* What! You'll tell me that you didn't see how the Briggs girls, in their new chips, turned their noses up at 'em! And you didn't see how the Browns looked at the Smiths, and then at our poor girls, as much as to say, "Poor creatures! what figures for the first

of May?" *You didn't see it!* The more shame for you! I'm sure, those Briggs girls—the little minxes! —put me into such a pucker, I could have pulled their ears for 'em over the pew. What do you say! *I ought to be ashamed to own it?* Now, Caudle, it's no use talking; those children shall not cross over the threshold next Sunday if they haven't things for the summer. Now mind—they shan't; and there's an end of it!

I'm always wanting money for clothes? How can you say that? I'm sure there are no children in the world that cost their father so little; but that's it—the less a poor woman does upon, the less she may. Now, Caudle, dear! What a man you are! I know you'll give me the money, because, after all, I think you love your children, and like to see 'em well dressed. It's only natural that a father should. *How much money do I want?* Let me see, love. There's Caroline, and Jane, and Susan, and Mary Ann, and—What do you say? *I needn't count 'em? You know how many there are!* That's just the way you take me up! *Well, how much money will it take?* Let me see—I'll tell you in a minute. You always love to see the dear things like new pins. I know that, Caudle; and though I say it, bless their little hearts! they do credit to you, Caudle.

How much? Now, don't be in a hurry! Well, I think, with good pinching—and you know, Caudle, there's never a wife who can pinch closer than I can —I think, with pinching, I can do with twenty pounds. What do you say? *Twenty fiddlesticks?* What! *You won't give half the money?* Very well, Mr. Caudle; I don't care; let the children go in rags; let them stop from church, and grow up like heathens and cannibals; and then you'll save your money, and, I suppose, be satisfied. What do you say? *Ten pounds enough?* Yes, just like you men; you think things cost nothing for women; but you

don't care how much you lay out upon yourselves. *They only want frocks and bonnets?* How do you know what they want? How should a man know anything at all about it? And you won't give more than ten pounds? Very well. Then you may go shopping with it yourself, and see what *you'll* make of it! I'll have none of your ten pounds, I can tell you—no sir!

No; you've no cause to say that. I don't want to dress the children up like countesses! You often throw that in my teeth, you do; but you know it's false, Caudle; you know it! I only wish to give 'em proper notions of themselves; and what, indeed, can the poor things think, when they see the Briggses, the Browns, and the Smiths,—and their fathers don't make the money you do, Caudle—when they see them as fine as tulips? Why, they must think themselves nobody. However, the twenty pounds I *will* have, if I've any; or not a farthing! No, sir no,—I don't want to dress up the children like peacocks and parrots! I only want to make 'em respectable. What do you say? *You'll give me fifteen pounds?* No, Caudle, no, not a penny will I take under twenty. If I did, it would seem as if I wanted to waste your money; and I am sure, when I come to think of it twenty pounds will hardly do!

MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE ON SHIRT BUTTONS

THERE Mr. Caudle, I hope you're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you needn't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's just like you; I can't speak, that you don't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite

a fiend *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it isn't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you don't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wern't you? Well, then I don't know what a passion is; and I think I ought to by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say "*ah*" at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman isn't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another! They'd never tie themselves to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr.

Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

And it's my belief, after all, that the button wasn't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for anything! All I know is, it's very odd button the button should be off my shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husbands buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

THIN SHOES

(From "The Last Curtain Lecture")

I'M not going to contradict you, Caudle; you may say what you like; but I think I ought to know my own feelings better than you. I don't wish to upbraid you, neither; I'm too ill for that; but it's not getting wet in thin shoes—oh, no! It's my mind, Caudle, my mind, that's killing me. *Gruel!* Oh, yes, gruel, indeed—you think gruel will cure a woman of anything; and you know, too, how I hate it. Gruel can't reach what I suffer; but, of course, nobody is ever ill but yourself. Well, I—I didn't mean to say that; but when you talk in that way about thin shoes, a woman says,

of course, what she doesn't mean; she can't help it. You are always going on about my shoes; when I think I'm the fittest judge of what becomes me best. I dare say 'twould be all the same to you if I put on ploughman's boots; but I am not going to make a figure of my feet, I can tell you. I've never got cold with the shoes I've worn yet, and 'tisn't likely I should begin now.

No, Caudle; I wouldn't wish to say anything to accuse you; no, goodness knows I wouldn't make you uncomfortable for the world—but the cold I got ten years ago. I have never said anything about it—but it has never left me. Yes; ten years ago, the day before yesterday. *How can I recollect it?* Oh, very well; women remember things you never think of, poor souls! they've good cause to do so. Ten years ago I was sitting up for you—there now, I'm not going to say anything to vex you, only do let me speak—ten years ago I was sitting up for you, and I fell asleep, and the fire went out, and when I awoke I found I was sitting right in the draught of the key-hole. That was may death, Caudle; though don't let that make you uneasy, love, for I don't think you meant to do it.

Ha! it's very well for you to call it *nonsense;* and to lay your ill-conduct on my shoes. That's like a man exactly. There never was a man yet that killed his wife who couldn't give a good reason for it. No; I don't mean to say that you've killed me; quite the reverse; still, there's never been a day that I haven't felt that key-hole. What! *Why won't I have a doctor!* What's the use of a doctor? Why should I put you to expense? Besides, I dare say you'll do very well without me, Caudle: yes, after a very little time, you won't miss me much—no man ever does.

Peggy tells me Miss Prettyman called to-day. *What of it?* Nothing, of course. Yes: I know she

heard I was ill, and that's why she came. A little indecent, I think, Mr. Caudle; she might wait, I sha'n't be in her way long; she may soon have the key of the caddy, now.

Ha, Mr. Caudle, what's the use of your calling me your dearest soul, now? Well, I do believe you. I dare say you do mean it: that is, I hope you do. Nevertheless, you can't expect I can lie quiet in this bed and think of that young woman—not, indeed, that she's near so young as she gives herself out. I bear no malice toward her, Caudle—not the least. Still, I don't think I could lie at peace in my grave if—well, I won't say anything more about her; but you know what I mean.

I think dear mother would keep house beautifully for you when I am gone. Well, love, I won't talk in that way, if you desire it. Still I know I've a dreadful cold; though I won't allow it for a minute to be the shoes—certainly not. I never would wear 'em thick, and you know it, and they never gave me cold yet. No, dearest Caudle, it's ten years ago that I did it; not that I'll say a syllable of the matter to hurt you. I'd die first.

Mother, you see, knows all your little ways; and you wouldn't get another wife to study you and pet you up as I've done—a second wife never does; it isn't likely she should. And after all, we've been very happy. It hasn't been my fault if we've had a word or two, for you couldn't help now and then being aggravating; nobody can help their tempers always—especially men. Still, we've been very happy—haven't we, Caudle?

Good-night. Yes, this cold does tear me to pieces; but, for all that, it isn't the shoes. God bless you, Caudle. No—it is *not* the shoes. I won't say it's the key-hole; but again I say, it's not the shoes. God bless you, once more—but never say it's the shoes.

MR. CAUDLE HAS LENT THE FAMILY UMBRELLA

THAT'S the third umbrella gone since Christmas. *What were you to do?* Why let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about *him* that could spoil. Take cold, indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than take our only umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And as I'm alive, if it isn't St. Swithin's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense; you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you *do* hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. *He* return the umbrella! Anybody would think you were born yesterday. As if anybody ever *did* return an umbrella! There—do you hear it? Worse and worse? Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always six weeks. And no umbrella!

"I should like to know how the children are to go to school to-morrow? They sha'n't go through such weather, I'm determined. No: they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father? People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

"But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes: I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow—you knew that; and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate me to

go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes down in buckets-full, I'll go all the more. No: and I won't have a cab. Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence! two-and-eightpence! for there's back again. Cabs, indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em; *I* can't pay for 'em, and I'm sure you can't, if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children—buying umbrellas!

"Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's to-morrow: I will; and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way—and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman, it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; an with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But what do you care for that! Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor's bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; yes: and that's what you lent the umbrella for. Of course!

"Nice clothes, I shall get too, trapezing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoilt quite. *Needn't I wear 'em then?* Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I *shall* wear 'em. No, sir, I'm not going out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! It isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed, I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go like a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows.

"Ugh! I do look forward with dread for to-morrow! How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I

can't tell. But if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you sha'n't buy one. Now, Mr. Caudle, only listen to this: if you bring home another umbrella, I'll throw it in the street. I'll have my own umbrella, or none at all.

"Ha! and it was only last week I had a new nozzle put to that umbrella. I'm sure, if I'd have known as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you. Oh, it's all very well for you—you can go to sleep. You've no thought of your poor, patient wife, and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas.

"Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't even take care of an umbrella!

"I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me. But that's what you want—then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then, nicely my poor dear children will be used—but then, sir, you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you'd never have lent the umbrella!

"You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and, of course, you can't go. No, indeed, you *don't* go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it: people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas!

"And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I *would* go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we were to have, we sha'n't I didn't lend the umbrella."

"The children, too! Dear things! They'll be

sopping wet; for they sha'n't stop at home—they sha'n't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave 'em, I'm sure. But they *shall* go to school. Don't tell me I said they shouldn't: you are so aggravating, Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel. They *shall* go to school; mark that. And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault—I didn't lend the umbrella."

"At length," writes Caudle, "I fell asleep; and dreamt that the sky was turned into green calico, with whalebone ribs; that, in fact, the whole world turned round under a tremendous umbrella!"

CAUDLE'S SECOND WIFE

WHEN Harry Prettyman saw the very superb funeral of Mrs. Caudle,—Prettyman attended as mourner, and was particularly jolly in the coach,—he observed that the disconsolate widower showed that, above all men, he knew how to make the best of a bad bargain. The remark, as the dear deceased would have said, was unmanly, brutal, but quite like *that Prettyman*. The same scoffer, when Caudle declared "he should never cease to weep," replied, "he was very sorry to hear it; for it *must* raise the price of onions." It was not enough to help to break the heart of a wife; no, the savage must joke over its precious pieces.

The funeral, we repeat, was remarkably handsome: in Prettyman's words, nothing could be more satisfactory. Caudle spoke of a monument. Whereupon Prettyman suggested "Death gathering a nettle." Caudle—the act did equal honor to his brain and his bosom—rejected it.

Mr. Caudle, attended by many of his friends, returned to his widowed home in tolerable spirits. Prettyman said, jocosely poking his two fingers in

Caudle's ribs, that in a week he'd look "quite a tulip." Caudle merely replied, he could hardly hope it.

Prettyman's mirth, however, communicated itself to the company; and in a very little time the meeting took the air of a very pleasant party. Somehow, Miss Prettyman presided at the tea-table. There was in her manner a charming mixture of grace, dignity, and confidence,—a beautiful black swan. Prettyman, by the way, whispered to a friend that there was just this difference between Mrs. Caudle and his sister,—"Mrs. Caudle was a great goose, whereas Sarah was a little duck." We will not swear that Caudle did not overhear the words; for, as he resignedly stirred his tea, he looked at the lady at the head of the table, smiled, and sighed.

It was odd; but women are so apt! Miss Prettyman seemed as familiar with Caudle's silver teapot as with her own silver thimble. With a smile upon her face—like the butter on the muffins—she handed Caudle his teacup. Caudle would now and then abstractedly cast his eyes above the mantel-piece. There was Mrs. Caudle's portrait. Whereupon Miss Prettyman would say, "You must take comfort, Mr. Caudle, indeed you must." At length Mr. Caudle replied, "I will, Miss Prettyman."

What then passed through Caudle's brain we know not; but this we know: in a twelvemonth and a week from that day, Sarah Prettyman was Caudle's second wife,—Mrs. Caudle number two. Poor thing!

Mr. Caudle begins to "show off the fiend that's in him."

"It is rather extraordinary, Mrs. Caudle, that we have now been married four weeks,—I don't exactly see what you have to sigh about,—and yet you can't

make me a proper cup of tea. However, I don't know how I should expect it. There never was but one woman who could make tea to my taste, and she is now in heaven. Now, Mrs. Caudle, let me hear no crying. I'm not one of the people to be melted by the tears of a woman: for you can all cry—all of you—at a minute's notice. The water's always laid on, and down it comes if a man only holds up his finger.

"*You didn't think I could be so brutal?* That's it. Let a man only speak, and he's brutal. It's a woman's first duty to make a decent cup of tea. What do you think I married you for? It's all very well with your tambourwork and such trumpery. You can make butterflies on kettleholders; but can you make a pudding, ma'am? I'll be bound not.

"Of course, as usual, you've given me the corner roll, because you know I hate a corner roll. I did think you must have seen that. I *did* hope I should not be obliged to speak on so paltry a subject; but it's no use to hope to be mild with you. I see that's hopeless.

"And what a herring! And you call it a bloater, I suppose? Ha! there *was* a woman who had an eye for a bloater, but—sainted creature!—she's here no longer. *You wish she was?* Oh, I understand that. I'm sure, if anybody should wish her back, it's—but she was too good for me. 'When I'm gone, Caudle,' she used to say, 'then you'll know the wife I was to you.' And now I do know it.

"Here's the eggs boiled to a stone again! Do you think, Mrs. Caudle, I'm a canary-bird, to be fed upon hard eggs? Don't tell me about the *servant*. A wife is answerable to her husband for her servants. It's her business to hire proper people; if she doesn't, she's not fit to be a wife. I find the money, Mrs. Caudle, and I expect you to find the cookery.

"There you are with your pocket-handkerchief again,—the old flag of truce; but it doesn't trick me. *A pretty honeymoon?* Honeymoon! Nonsense! People can't have two honeymoons in their lives. There *are* feelings—I find it now—that we can't have twice in our existence. There's no making honey a second time.

"No; I think I've put up with your neglect long enough; and there's nothing like beginning as we intend to go on. Therefore, Mrs. Caudle, if my tea isn't made a little more to my liking to-morrow, and if you insult me with a herring like that, and boil my eggs that you might fire 'em out of guns, —why, perhaps, Mrs. Caudle, you may see a man in a passion. It takes a good deal to rouse me, but when I am up—I say, when I am up—that's all.

"Where did I put my gloves? *You don't know?* Of course not: you know nothing."

SAMUEL JOHNSON

Samuel Johnson, critic, poet, essayist and lexicographer, was born at Lichfield, England, in 1709; died at London, in 1784. He studied for a while at Oxford; became usher in a grammar school, and later established a private school of his own. He went to London with Garrick, who had been one of his pupils, and began to write for the "Gentleman's Magazine." He was brought into notice by a series of speeches that were supposed to have been spoken in Parliament, but were entirely imaginary. Several publishers sought him out and he was engaged by them to prepare an English dictionary. His best known works are: "The Rambler," "The Idler," "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," "Lives of the Poets," and "A Tour to the Hebrides." The world knows more of Johnson's life than that of almost any other author, from the biography of Boswell. Although his biographer had the greatest admiration for his character and attainments, yet his truthfulness does not let him conceal the many whimsicalities of his subject.

ON SHAKESPEARE

(From "Lives of the Poets")

SHAKESPEARE is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of

transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and think by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakespeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakespeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakespeare that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakespeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakespeare. The theater, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which pro-

duces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no greater influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved; yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristical: but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyper-

bolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived.

Shakespeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakespeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful: the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakespeare: that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstacies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is

represented as a drunkard. But Shakespeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or Kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer not only odious but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power over kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds: a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind: exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion, and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend: in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the

momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy,* compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakespeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters; and in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation. It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due graduation of preparatory incidents, wants at least the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much but that the attention

may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

PROLOGUE

(Spoken by Garrick at the opening of the Theater Royal, Drury Lane, 1747)

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakespeare rose;
Each change of many-color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain;
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art,
By regular approach, essay'd the heart;
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure, scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the general doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakespeare's flame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspired to lasting praise,
And proudly hoped to pimp in future days.

Their cause was general, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refined,
For years the power of tragedy declined;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept.
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled;
But forced, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of wit,
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,
New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store;
Perhaps where Lear has raved, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride;
Perhaps (for who can guess the effects of chance?)
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance.

Hard is his lot that here, by fortune placed,
Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste;
With every meteor of caprice must play,
And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.
Ah! let not censure term our fate our choice:
The stage but echoes back the public voice;
The drama's laws the drama's patrons give;
For we that live to please, must please—to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,
As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die;
'Tis yours, this night, to bid the reign commence
Of rescued nature, and reviving sense;
To chase the charms of sound, the pomp of show,
For useful mirth and salutary woe;
Bid scenic virtue form the rising age,
And truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

CARDINAL WOLSEY

(From the "Vanity of Human Wishes")

IN full-flown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand;
To him the church, the realm, their powers consign,
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honor flows,
His smile alone security bestows;
Still to new heights his restless wishes tower,
Claim leads to claim, and power advances power;
Till conquest unresisted ceased to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize;
At length his sovereign frowns—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glittering plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liveried army, and the menial lord;
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak, thou whose thoughts at humble peace repine,
Shall Wolsey's wealth with Wolsey's end be thine?
Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,
The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?
For why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,
On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?
Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,
With louder ruin to the gulfs below?

What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,
And fixed disease on Harley's closing life?
What murder'd Wentworth, and what exiled Hyde,
Be kings protected and to kings allied?
What but their wish indulged in courts to shine
And power too great to keep or to resign?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown;
O'er Bodley's dome his future labors spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!
Yet should thy soul indulge the generous heat
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth diffuse her opiate fumes in vain;
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man reversed for thee.
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause a while from letters to be wise;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.
See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet flatter, yet again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glittering eminence exempt from foes;
See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despised or awed,
Rebellion's vengeful talon's seize on Laud.
From meaner minds, though smaller fines content
The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent,
Mark'd out by dangerous parts, he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block;
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd.
For such the steady Romans shook the world;
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;
This power has praise, that virtue scarce can warm
Till Fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name;
And mortgaged states their grandsire's wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;

No joys to him pacific scepters yield,
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky!"
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;
He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barbarous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way;
Attendant Flattery counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more;

Fresh praise is tried till madness fires his mind,
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,
New powers are claim'd, new powers are still bestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;
Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host.
The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cæsarean power,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;
Short away! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;
The baffled prince, in honor's flattering bloom
Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision, and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

"Enlarge my life with multitude of days!"
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy.
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flower;

With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
He views, and wonders that they please no more;
Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain:
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near:
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence;
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense;
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till thy make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade;
But unextinguish'd Avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains;
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temperate prime
Bless with an age from scorn or crime;
An age that melts with unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers;

The general favorite as the general friend;
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end?

Yet even on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns;
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear;
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from withering life away;
New forms arise, and different views engage,
Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulfs of Fate.
From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise:
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driveller and a show!

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley cursed the form that pleased a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,
By day the frolic, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart;
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,

Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines,
The rival batters, and the lover mines:
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;
Tired with contempt, she quits the slippery reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom, and the private friend;
The guardians yield, by force superior plied:
To Interest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despised, distress'd.
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease; petitions yet remain
Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion vain.
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Safe in His power whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er He gives, He gives the best.
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat.

These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind.
And makes the happiness she does not find.

JOHNSON TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

SEVEN years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited at your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. Is not a Patron, my Lord, one who looks on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early, had been kind; but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the Public should consider me as owing that to a Patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself. Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long waking from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my Lord, your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant, Sam. Johnson.

SOME DEFINITIONS

(From the Dictionary)

PENSIONS: An allowance made to anyone without an equivalent. In England it is generally understood to mean pay given to a state hireling for treason to his country.—LEXICOGRAPHER: A writer of dictionaries, a harmless drudge.—GRUB-STREET: The name of a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems, whence any mean producer is called Grub-Street.—FAVORITE: One chosen as a companion by a superior; a mean wretch whose whole business is by any means to please.—EXCISE: A hateful tax levied upon commodities, and adjudged not by the common judges of property, but wretches hired by those to whom excise is paid.

HAPPY LIFE AT A TAVERN

(From "Boswell's Life")

WE dined at an excellent inn at Chapelhouse, where Dr. Johnson expatiated on the felicity of England in its taverns and inns, and triumphed over the French for not having, in any perfection, the tavern life. "There is no private house," said he, "in which people can enjoy themselves so well as at a capital tavern. Let there be ever so great plenty of good things, ever so much grandeur, ever so much elegance, ever so much desire that everybody should be easy, in the nature of things it cannot be; there must always be some degree of care and anxiety. The master of the house is anxious to entertain his guests; the guests are anxious to be agreeable to him: and no man but a very impudent dog indeed can as freely command what is in another's house as if it were his

own. Whereas at a tavern there is a general freedom from anxiety. You are sure you are welcome; the more noise you make, the more trouble you give, the more good things you call for, the welcomer you are. No servants will attend you with the alacrity which waiters do who are excited with the prospect of an immediate reward in proportion as they please. No, sir; there is nothing which has yet been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn.

A PRIVATE PRAYER BY DR. JOHNSON

O GOD, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness.

O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity: look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who has continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness.

Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws.

Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

FLAVIUS JOSEPHUS

Flavius Josephus, a famous Jewish historian, was born at Jerusalem, in 37 A.D.; died at Rome about 100 A.D. He belonged to a priestly family. He went early to Rome, and was there at the time of the imprisonment of the apostle Paul. He became a favorite of the Roman government and lived on a pension granted by Vespasian. His works include: "History of the War of the Jews against the Romans, and the Fall of Jerusalem," "Antiquities of the Jews," and his "Autobiography." His work, while intensely interesting to the historical student, has been often challenged in regard to its accuracy.

DESCRIPTION OF JERUSALEM

1. Jerusalem, fortified by three walls—except where it was encompassed by its impassible ravines, for there it had but a single rampart—was built, the one division fronting the other, on two hills, separated by an intervening valley, at which the rows of houses terminated. Of these hills, that on which the upper town is situated is much the higher, and straighter in its length. Accordingly, on account of its strength, it was styled the Fortress by king David, the father of Solomon, by whom the temple was originally erected; but by us, the Upper Market-Place. The other, which bears the name of Acra, and supports the lower town, is of a gibbous form. Opposite to this was a third hill, naturally lower than Acra, and formerly severed from it by another broad ravine. Afterwards, however, the Asmonæans, during their reign, filled up the ravine,

with the intention of uniting the city to the temple; and leveling the summit of Acra, they reduced the elevation, so that the temple might be conspicuous above other objects in this quarter also. The Valley of the Cheese-makers, as it was designated, which divided, as we have said, the hill of the upper town from that of the lower, extended as far as Siloam, as we call it, a fountain whose waters are at once sweet and copious. On the exterior, the two hills on which the city stood were skirted by deep ravines, so precipitous on either side that the town was nowhere accessible.

2. Of the three walls, the most ancient, as well from the ravines which surrounded it, as from the hill above them on which it was erected, was almost impregnable. But, besides the advantages of its situation, it was also strongly built; David and Solomon, as well as their successors on the throne, having devoted much attention to the work. Beginning on the north at the tower called Hippicus, and extending to what was called the Xystus, it then formed a junction with the council-house, and terminated at the western colonnade of the temple. On the other side towards the west, beginning at the same tower, it stretched through Bethso, as it was styled, to the gate of the Essenes, It then turned, and advanced with a southern aspect above the fountain of Siloam, whence it again inclined, facing the east, towards Solomon's reservoir, and extending to a certain spot designated Ophla, it joined the eastern colonnade of the temple.

The second had its beginning at the gate which they called Oennath, belonging to the first wall. It reached to the Antonia, and encircled only the northern quarter of the town. The tower Hippicus formed the commencement of the third wall, which stretched from thence towards the northern quarter, as far as the tower Psephinus, and then passing op-

posite the monuments of Helena, Queen of Adiabene, and mother of king Izates, and extending through the royal caverns, was inflected at the corner tower near the spot known by the appellation of the Fuller's Tomb; and, connecting itself with the old wall, terminated at the valley called Kedron. This wall Agrippa had thrown around the new-built town, which was quite unprotected; for the city, overflowing with inhabitants, gradually crept beyond the ramparts; and the people, incorporating with the city the quarter north of the temple close to the hill, made a considerable advance, insomuch that a fourth hill, which is called Bezetha, was also surrounded with inhabitants. It lay over against the Antonia, from which it was separated by a deep fosse, purposely excavated to cut off the communication between the foundations of the Antonia and the hill, that they might be at once less easy of access, and more elevated. Thus the depth of the trench materially increased the altitude of the towers.

The quarter most recently built was called, in our language, Bezetha, which, if translated into the Greek tongue, would be Cænopolis (*New-town*). Those who resided there requiring defence, the father of the present sovereign, and of the name, Agrippa, commenced the wall we have mentioned. But, apprehending that Claudius Cæsar might suspect from the magnitude of the structure that he entertained some designs of innovation and insurrection, he desisted when he had merely laid the foundations. For, indeed, had he completed that wall upon the scale on which it was begun, the city would have been impregnable. It was constructed of stones twenty cubits long and ten broad, fitted into each other in such a manner that they could scarcely have been undermined with iron, or shaken with engines. The wall itself was ten cubics in breadth; and it would probably have attained a greater height than

it did, had not the enterprising spirit of its founder met with a check; but subsequently, though the work was carried on with ardor by the Jews, it only rose to the height of twenty cubits; while, crowning this, were battlements of two cubits, upon parapets of three cubits in altitude, so that it attained in its entire elevation twenty-five cubits.

3. On this wall were erected towers, twenty cubits in breadth, and the same in height, square, and solid as the wall itself. In the joining and beauty of the stones, they were nowise inferior to the temple. Over the solid altitude of the towers, which was twenty cubits, were sumptuous apartments; and above these, again, upper rooms, and numerous cisterns therein to receive the rain-water, and to each room wide staircases. Of such towers the third wall had ninety, disposed at intervals of two hundred cubits. The middle wall was divided into fourteen towers, and the ancient one into sixty. Of the city, the entire circuit was thirty-three furlongs. But admirable as was the third wall throughout, still more so was the tower Psephinus, which rose up at the north-west angle, and opposite to which Titus encamped. Being seventy cubits high, it afforded at sunrise a prospect of Arabia, and of the limits of the Hebrew territories as far as the sea; it was octagonal in form.

Over against this was the tower Hippicus, and near to it two others, all erected by king Herod in the ancient wall, which, in magnitude, beauty, and strength, exceeded all that the world could produce; for, with a taste naturally magnificent, and ambitious of decorating the city, the king further sought, in the surpassing splendor of these works, to gratify his private feelings, and dedicated them to the memory of the three persons to whom he had been most tenderly attached, and after whom he named the towers—his brother, his friend, and his wife. The last mentioned, as we have above related, he had

put to death through wounded love; the two former he had lost in war, fighting gallantly.

Hippicus, so called from his friend, was quadrangular, its length and breadth being each twenty-five cubits, and to the height of thirty cubits it was solid throughout. Above this solid part, which was constructed of stones formed into one compact mass, was a reservoir to receive the rain, twenty cubits deep, over which was a house of two stories, twenty-five cubits high, and divided into various apartments. Above this were battlements of two cubits in height, mounted upon parapets of three; so that the entire altitude amounted to eighty cubits.

The second tower, which he named Phasaëlus, from his brother, was of equal length and breadth, forty cubits each, and the same in solid height. Over this, and embracing the whole of the structure, was a gallery, ten cubits high, defended by breast-works and battlements. Above this, and rising from its center, was built another tower, containing sumptuous apartments, and also a bath; so that nothing was wanting to impart to this tower the aspect of a palace. Its summit was more richly ornamented with battlements and parapets than that just described, and its entire altitude was about ninety cubits. In appearance it resembled the tower of Pharos, which serves as a lighthouse to those sailing to Alexandria, though it was much greater in circumference. At this date it was the seat of Simon's tyranny.

The third tower, Mariamne—for such was the queen's name—was solid to the height of twenty cubits; its breadth, also, being twenty cubits, and its length the same. Its upper apartments were more sumptuous and elegant than those of the other towers, the king thinking it more suitable that that named from a woman should be more highly ornamented than those called after men, just as they

were stronger than a woman's. Of this the entire elevation was fifty-five cubits.

4. But while such was the actual magnitude of these three towers, their site added much to their apparent dimensions. For the ancient wall in which they stood was itself built on a lofty hill: and higher still rose up in front, to the height of thirty cubits, a kind of crest of the hill: on this the towers rested, and thus acquired a much greater altitude. Admirable, likewise, was the magnitude of the stones; for these towers were not constructed of ordinary blocks, nor of stones such as might be carried by men, but of white marble, cut; and the length of each block was twenty cubits, its breadth ten, and its depth five. So accurately were they joined one upon another, that each tower seemed a single rock that jutted up naturally, and had subsequently been polished all round by the hands of the artificer into its angular form: so totally imperceptible on all sides was the fitting of the joints.

To these towers, which lay northward, was attached on the inner side the royal residence, which exceeded all description. The magnificence of the work, and the skill displayed in its construction, could not be surpassed. It was completely enclosed within a wall thirty cubits high, and ornamented towers were distributed around it at equal distances, with spacious apartments, each capable of containing couches for a hundred guests. In these the diversity of the stones were not to be expressed; for, whatever was rare in every country, was there collected in abundance. Admirable, also, were their roofs, both for the length of the beams, and for the splendor of their decorations. The number of apartments, moreover, and the variety of devices around them, were infinite; nor was any article of furniture wanting in any of them, the greater proportion of it in each being in silver and gold.

All around were many cloistered courts opening into one another, and the columns in each different. Such parts of these as were open to the air were everywhere clothed with verdure. There were besides various groves with long walks through them, lined by deep conduits; and in many places ponds studded with bronze figures, through which the water was discharged; and around the streams were numerous cots for tame doves. But, indeed, adequately to describe the place is impossible; and the recollection stings me to the heart, recalling as it does the ravages of the brigand fires. For it was not the Romans who consigned it to the flames, but this was done, as we have before related, by the conspirators within the city at an early stage of the revolt. The conflagration began at the Antonia, passed onward to the palace, and consumed the roofs of the three towers.

MOSES THE LAWGIVER

(From the Preface to the "Antiquities")

ONE who will peruse this history may principally learn from it, that all events succeed well, even to an incredible degree, and the reward of felicity is proposed by God: but then it is to those that follow his will, and do not venture to break his excellent laws; and that so far as men any way apostatize from the accurate observation of them, what was practicable before becomes impracticable; and whatsoever they set about as a good thing is converted into an incurable calamity. And now I exhort all those who peruse these books to apply their minds to God: and to examine the mind of our legislator, whether he hath not understood his nature in a manner worthy of him; and hath not ever ascribed to him such operations as become his power; and hath not preserved his own writings from those in-

decent fables which others have framed, although by the great distance of time when he lived he might have securely forged such lies,—for he lived two thousand years ago, at which vast distance of ages the poets themselves have not been so hardy as to fix even the generations of their gods, much less the actions of their men or their own laws. As I proceed, therefore, I shall accurately describe what is contained in our records, in the order of time that belongs to them, . . . without adding anything to what is therein contained, or taking away anything therefrom.

But because almost all our constitution depends on the wisdom of Moses our legislator, I cannot avoid saying somewhat concerning him beforehand, though I shall do it briefly; I mean, because otherwise those that read my books may wonder how it comes to pass that my discourse, which promises an account of laws and historical facts, contains so much of philosophy. The reader is therefore to know that Moses deemed it exceeding necessary that he who would conduct his own life well, and give laws to others, in the first place should consider the Divine nature; and upon the contemplation of God's operations, should thereby imitate the best of all patterns, so far as it is possible for human nature to do, and to endeavor to follow after it; neither could the legislator himself have a right mind without such a contemplation; nor would anything he should write tend to the promotion of virtue in his readers: I mean, unless they be taught first of all that God is the father and Lord of all things, and sees all things; and that hence he bestows a happy life upon those that follow him, but plunges such as do not walk in the paths of virtue into inevitable miseries. Now, when Moses was desirous to teach this lesson to his countrymen, he did not begin the establishment of his laws after the same manner that other

legislators did,—I mean, upon contracts and other rights between one man and another, but by raising their minds upward to regard God and his creation of the world; and by persuading them that we men are the most excellent of the creatures of God upon earth. Now, when once he had brought them to submit to religion, he easily persuaded them to submit in all other things; for as to other legislators, they followed fables, and by their discourses transferred the most reproachful of human vices unto the gods, and so afforded wicked men the most plausible excuses for their crimes; but as for our legislator, when he had once demonstrated that God was possessed of perfect virtue, he supposed men also ought to strive after the participation of it; and on those who did not so think and so believe he inflicted the severest punishments. I exhort, therefore, my readers to examine this whole undertaking in that view; for thereby it will appear to them that there is nothing therein disagreeable either to the majesty of God, or to his love for mankind: for all things have here a reference to the nature of the universe; while our legislator speaks some things wisely but enigmatically, and others under a decent allegory, but still explains such things as require a direct explication, plainly and expressly.

JOHN KEATS

JOHN KEATS, one of the most famous of British poets, was born at London, England, in 1795; died at Rome, in 1821. He left school at fifteen and took up the study of surgery, but he soon decided that he had chosen the wrong field and decided to devote his life to writing. His first poems, the "Epistles," appeared in 1817. Shortly after ill health compelled him to leave England and he went to Italy. The warmer climate prolonged his life for two years only. Among his best pieces are: "Hyperion," "Isabella," and "The Eve of St. Agnes."

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delv'd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a breaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and specter-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-ey'd despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;

Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fring'd legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
Forever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
Forever piping songs forever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
Forever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
Forever panting, and forever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or seashore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets forevermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

ODE TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists, and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel-shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen the oft within thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.
Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast, thou hast thy music, too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue:
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

ON FIRST READING CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many Western Islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told

That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swings into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise.—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

FANCY

EVER let the fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home;
At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth:
Then let wingèd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her:
Open wide the mind's cage door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar,
O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming;
Autumn's red-tippel fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting: what do then?
Sit thee by the ingle when
The sear fagot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakèd snow is shuffled
From the plowboy's heavy shoon;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
Sit thee there, and send abroad,

With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high commissioned: send her!
She has vassals to attend her:
She will bring in spite of frost
Beauties that the earth had lost;
She will bring thee, altogether,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: thou shalt hear
Distant harvest carols clear;
Rustle of the reapèd corn;
Sweet birds antheming the morn:
And in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt at one glance behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearlèd with the self-same shower
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meager from its cellèd sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm

When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose:
Everything is spoilt by use:
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring,—
Let the wingèd Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

AH what can ail thee, wretched wight,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew;
And on thy cheek a fading rose
Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faëry's child;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long;
For sideways would she lean, and sing
A faëry's song.

I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew;
And sure in language strange she said,
"I love thee true."

She took he to her elfin grot,
And there she gazed and sighèd deep,
And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide—
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hillside.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—"La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!"

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hillside.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS, FACING "A LOVER'S COMPLAINT"

BRIGHT star, would I were steadfast as thou art:
Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving aters at their priestless task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

THE EVE OF ST. AGNES

ST. AGNES' Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
The hare limp'd trembling through the frozen grass,
And silent was the flock in woolly fold:
Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
Like pious incense from a censer old,
Seem'd taking flight for heaven, without a death,
Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
And back returneth, meager, barefoot, wan,
Along the chapel aisle by slow degrees:
The sculptur'd dead, on each side, seem to freeze,
Emprison'd in black, purgatorial rails:
Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries.
He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue
Flatter'd to tears this aged man and poor;
But no—already had his deathbell rung;
The joys of all his life were said and sung:
His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:
Another way he went, and soon among
Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve,
And all night kept awake, for sinners' sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;
And so it chanc'd, for many a door was wide,
From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,
The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:
The level chambers, ready with their pride,
Were glowing to receive a thousand guests:
The carved angels, ever eager-ey'd,
Star'd, where upon their heads the cornice rests,
With hair blown back, and wings put cross-wise on their breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,
With plume, tiara, and all rich array,
Numerous as shadows haunting faerily
The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance. These let us wish away,
And turn, soul-thoughted, to one Lady there,
Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,

On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care,
As she had heard old dames full many times
declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,
And soft adorings from their loves receive
Upon the honey'd middle of the night,
If ceremonies due they did aright;
As, supperless to bed they must retire,
And couch supine their beauties, lily white;
Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require
Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they
desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a God in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the
year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes,
Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:
The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs
Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort
Of whispers in anger, or in sport;
'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,
Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort,
Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,
And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,
She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors,

Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire
For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,
Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores
All saints to give him sight of Madeline,
But for one moment in the tedious hours,
That he might gaze and worship all unseen;
Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let no buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, Love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,
Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,
Whose very dogs would execrations howl
Against his lineage: not one breast affords
Him any mercy, in that mansion foul,
Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,
Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,
To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,
Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond
The sound of merriment and chorus bland:
He startled her; but soon she knew his face,
And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand,
Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;
"They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;
"He had a fever late, and in the fit
"He cursed thee and thine, both house and land:
"Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit
"More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit!

"Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,
"We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,
"And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here,
not here;
"Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy
bier."

He followed through a lowly arched way,
Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume,
And as she mutter'd "Well-a—well-a-day!"
He found him in a little moonlight room,
Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb.
"Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,
"O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom
"Which none but secret sisterhood may see,
"When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—
"Yet men will murder upon holy days:
"Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,
"And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays,
"To venture so: it fills me with amaze
"To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!
"God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays
"This very night: good angels her deceive!
"But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to
grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,
While Porphyro upon her face doth look,
Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone
Who keepeth clos'd a wond'rous riddle-book,
As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.
But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told
His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook
Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,
And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,
Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart
Made purple riot: then doth he propose
A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:
"A cruel man and impious thou art:
"Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream
"Alone with her good angels, far apart
"From wicked men like thee. Go, go!—I deem
"Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear,"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace
"When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,
"If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
"Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
"Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
"Or I will, even in a moment's space,
"Awake, with horrid shout, my foeman's ears,
"And beard them, though they be more fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?
"A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,
"Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;
"Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,
"Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she bring
A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;
So woful, and of such deep sorrowing,
That Angela gives promise she will do
Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,
Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide
Him in a closet, of such privacy

That he might see her beauty unespy'd,
And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,
While legion'd faeries pac'd the coverlet,
And pale enchantment held her sleepy-ey'd.
Never on such a night have lovers met,
Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the dame:
"All cates and dainties shall be stored there
"Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame
"Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,
"For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare
"On such a catering trust my dizzy head.
"Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer
"The while: Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,
"Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with busy fear.
The lover's endless minutes slowly pass'd;
The dame return'd and whisper'd in his ear
To follow her; with aged eyes aghast
From fright of dim espial. Safe at last,
Through many a dusky gallery, they gain
The maiden's chamber, silken, hush'd, and chaste;
Where Porphyro took covert, pleas'd amain.
His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her falt'ring hand upon the balustrade,
Old Angela was feeling for the stair,
When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmed maid,
Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unaware:
With silver taper's light, and pious care,
She turn'd, and down the aged gossip led
To a safe level matting. Now prepare,

Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;
She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove fray'd
and fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;
Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:
She clos'd the door, she panted, all akin
To spirits of the air, and visions wide:
No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!
But to her heart, her heart was voluble,
Paining with eloquence her balmy side;
As though a tongueless nightingale should swell
Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imag'ries
Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings:
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blush'd with blood of queens
and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,
And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest,
Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:
She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal
taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,
Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees;

Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one;
Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees
Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:
Half-hidden, like a mermaid in seaweed,
Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,
In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,
But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay,
Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd
Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away;
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
Blissfully haven'd both from joy and pain;
Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,
Porphyro gaz'd upon her empty dress,
And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,
And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept,
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,
And over the hush'd carpet, silent stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side where the faded moon
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set
A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—
The hall door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd,
While he from forth the closet brought a heap
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon;
Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd
From Fez; and spiced dainties, every one,
From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand
On golden dishes and in baskets bright
Of wreathed silver: sumptuous they stand
In the retired quiet of the night,
Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!
"Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:
"Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake,
"Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm
Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream
By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnight charm
Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a steadfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woeful phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—
Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,
He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute,
In Provence call'd, "La belle dame sans mercy:"
Close to her ear touching the melody;—
Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan.
He ceas'd—she panted quick—and suddenly

Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone:
Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,
Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:
There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd
The blisses of her dream so pure and deep
At which fair Madeline began to weep,
And moan forth witless words with many a sigh;
While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;
Who knelt, with joined hands and piteous eye,
Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now
Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,
Made tunable with every sweetest vow;
And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:
How changed thou art! how pallid, chill and drear!
Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,
Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!
Oh leave me not in this eternal woe,
For if thou diest, my love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far
At these voluptuous accents, he arose,
Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star
Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;
Into her dream he melted, as the rose
Blendeth its odor with the violet,—
Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows
Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet
Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark; quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:
"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"

'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:
"No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!
Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.—
Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?
I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,
Though thou forsakest a deceivèd thing;—
A dove forlorn and lost, with sick, unprunèd wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!
Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?
Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?
Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest
After so many hours of toil and quest,
A famish'd pilgrim,—saved by miracle.
Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,
Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well
To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,
Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:
Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—
The bloated wassailers will never heed.
Let us away, my love, with happy speed;
There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—
Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.
Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,
For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears
For there were sleeping dragons all around,
At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears—
Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found,
In all the house was heard no human sound.
A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering by each door;
The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
Flutter'd in the besieging wind's uproar;
And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide like phantoms into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:
By one and one the bolts full easy slide:
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago
These lovers fled away into the storm.
That night the baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all his warrior-guests, with shade and form
Of witch, and demon, and large coffinworm,
Were long benightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitched, with meager face deform;
The beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.